

MACLEAN'S

JANUARY 1 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

IS THE
MALE REALLY NECESSARY?
by Dr. Norman J. Berrill

Karsh Photographs Winnipeg

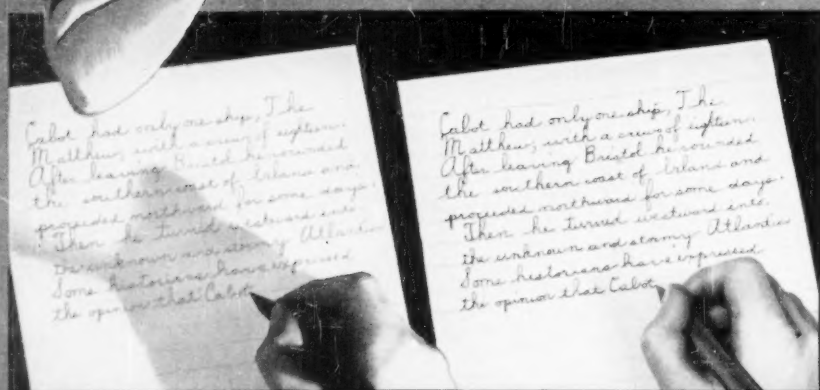




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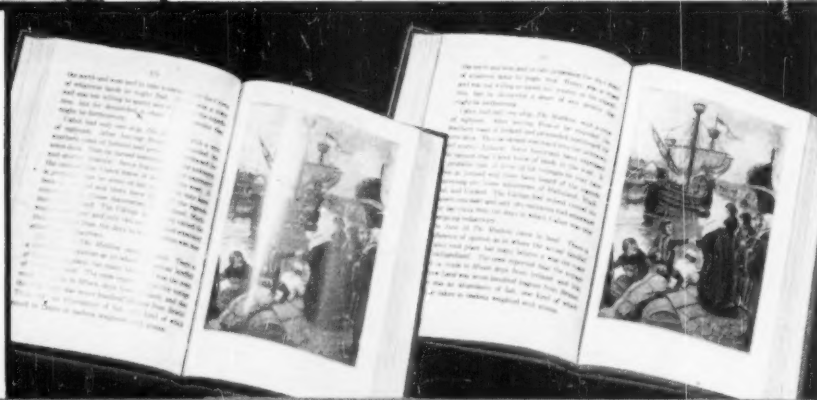


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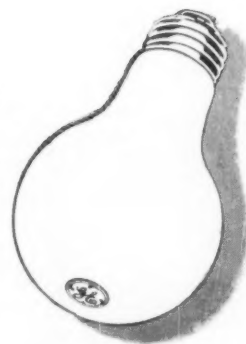


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do you hear yourself saying:

"I'm sorry, I never got around to reading that"

A SELF-CHECK ON YOUR RECENT READING HABITS

How many of these good new books have you failed to read in spite of your intentions?

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—Ernest Hemingway	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Caine Mutiny—Herman Wouk	<input type="checkbox"/>
Giant—Edna Ferber	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Silver Chalice—Thomas B. Costain	<input type="checkbox"/>
Witness—Whittaker Chambers	<input type="checkbox"/>
Matador—Barnaby Conrad	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Sea Around Us—Rachel L. Carson	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Houses in Between—Howard Spring	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hunter—J. A. Hunter	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Big Change—Frederick Lewis Allen	<input type="checkbox"/>
beyond the High Himalayas	
—William O. Douglas	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Cruel Sea—Nicholas Monsarrat	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Magic Lantern—Robert Carson	<input type="checkbox"/>
Gods, Graves and Scholars—C. W. Ceram	<input type="checkbox"/>
Catherine Carter—Pamela H. Johnson	<input type="checkbox"/>
Journey to the Far Pacific—Thomas E. Dewey	<input type="checkbox"/>
Lincoln and His Generals—T. Harry Williams	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Sinner of Saint Arrose	
—Robert Raynolds	<input type="checkbox"/>
Winston Churchill—Robert Lewis Taylor	<input type="checkbox"/>
Melville Goodwin, USA—John P. Marquand	<input type="checkbox"/>
Collected Works of William Faulkner	<input type="checkbox"/>
Return to Paradise—James A. Michener	<input type="checkbox"/>
The Mature Mind—H. A. Overstreet	<input type="checkbox"/>

How membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club keeps you from missing the new books you are most anxious to read

THE SELF-CHECK you have made may reveal a sobering fact: the *extreme degree* to which you have allowed the irritating busyness of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read.

There is a simple way to break this bad habit, and many hundred thousand perspicacious readers over the country—like yourself—will vouch that it is effectual: membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE: Your only obligation, as a member, is to buy four books a year—and it is inconceivable you won't find four you will be anxious not to miss. Every month the Club's Editorial Board chooses one outstanding work as the Book-of-the-Month. But in addition, the Club makes available Special Members' Editions of widely discussed books. The list at the left is a good example of the wide range of books always available.

YOU BUY WHAT YOU PLEASE: As to the Book-of-the-Month, you buy it only when you want it. You receive a full and careful report about it *in advance of its publication*. If you judge it is a book you would enjoy, you let it come. If not, you send back a form (always pro-

vided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply say: "Send me nothing."

YOU PAY MUCH LESS: When you do buy the Club selection, you usually pay less for it than you otherwise would. Last year the average was roughly 22% less. There is a greater saving than this: *After your first purchase, for every two Club selections or Special Editions you buy, you receive a valuable Book-Dividend from the Club.*

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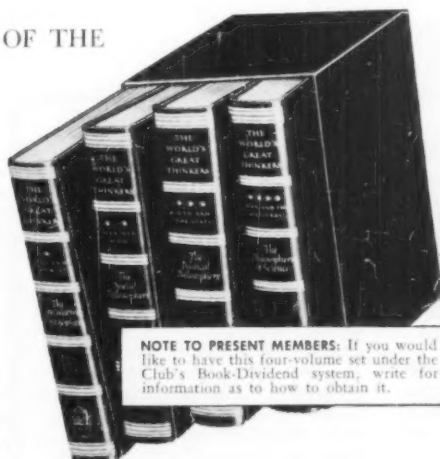
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EDITORIAL

THE PARISH-PUMP CENSORS THREATEN OUR NATIONAL TV

A COUPLE of months ago we ran a cheery editorial speculating that Canadian television might be a death blow to Canadian censorship of films. We still hope we were right. But, almost before the piece was in print, Premier Maurice Duplessis of Quebec had announced his determination to make TV work in the opposite direction. He proposes to censor all TV shows in his province, filmed or live.

We hope and believe the CBC will defy this law until it is tested all the way up to the Supreme Court of Canada. By decision of the Privy Council in 1932, radio broadcasting falls under the authority of the federal government and it seems logical that television should do the same. But, just in case the courts should hold otherwise, we hope and believe the federal government will take up this challenge, make TV censorship a major issue of its forthcoming election campaign, and get a firm mandate from the Canadian people to amend the constitution if necessary.

Canada must not tolerate piecemeal censorship by provincial boards of the television programs which we hope in a few years to make national programs. Eight provincial boards already censor motion pictures and the results are a lesson and a warning.

Films are chopped for varying, inconsistent and unstated reasons. The chopping is done by political appointees often lacking in qualifications for the job. Alberta has rejected films because they advocated inter-racial tolerance and racial equality. Saskatchewan banned the outstanding film *The Snake Pit* for fear someone might think Saskatchewan mental hospitals were like that. In Ontario, Premier Mitchell Hepburn once banned the *March of Time* because *Time* magazine had

said impolite things about him. In Quebec, chief censor Alexis Gagnon has said, "We are a Catholic province, and we will not permit anything to be shown which does not conform to the Catholic idea."

If one province has the right to censor TV, all have. Imagine the kind of programs we'd have, and the life a program director would lead, if each of ten censors had a veto power over all or any part of every show.

This is bad enough in terms of mere entertainment. We do not think even a soap opera is improved by being strained through ten thicknesses of cheesecloth.

It is worse in terms of Canadian culture. A distinguished and original program like the CBC's stage series, which has won international renown, could hardly live under the despotic power of a whole squad of Grundys. It is a pity, and a loss to Canadian audiences, to forbid or to mutilate good drama produced in other countries. But at least the work itself survives, for the benefit of other audiences in freer countries. Apply the same system within Canada and the work itself would be smothered at birth.

But the censorship idea is worst of all in terms of Canadian nationhood. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was set up not alone to entertain, not alone even to educate, but in large measure to unify this gangling sprawling country. In our opinion it has not done badly. St. John's, Newfoundland, and Nanaimo, British Columbia, feel closer together, know more about each other's feelings and affairs, than they would without the CBC.

Television is potentially a far stronger instrument for nationbuilding than sound broadcasting could ever be. It's vitally important that we keep it so, and not let it be strangled in the cradle by parochialism.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

LIONEL SHAPIRO, Maclean's European Correspondent, who tells on page 5 about *The Secret Nightmare of Europe*, in the last few years has written two highly successful novels and sold two film scripts to Hollywood. Recently he decided it was time to write a play and now he is being acclaimed as a dramatist of great promise.



Lionel Shapiro

The Bridge, his first contribution to the legitimate stage, had its premiere at the Theatre Royal at Bristol, England, under the august auspices of the Old Vic, most venerable of all theatre groups. There were seven curtain calls. **Yousuf Karsh**, who presents his impressions of Winnipeg in this issue (pages 8 to 13), has been accompanied on his trans-



Solange Karsh

Canada travels for Maclean's by his wife, his business manager and his favorite cook. They're the same person—chic, vivacious **Solange Karsh**, a native of Tours, France. She dislikes being photographed; Karsh took the informal shot of her on this page when she wasn't looking. . . . The cover picture, Winnipeg's City Hall, is the thirty-first **Franklin Arbuckle** has painted for Maclean's since January 1949. He was attracted to the subject because it struck him as being "one of the oddest public buildings in the country."

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, JANUARY 1, 1953

London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*

ALAS POOR CHARLIE!

NOT SINCE Tiberius entered Rome or Hitler mounted the rostrum at Nuremberg has there been such a reception for a celebrity. On the stage was a Guards' band whose trumpets sounded a fanfare as Princess Margaret and her party took their seats in the section reserved for them.

And then the great man himself, looking like a genial dictator, strolled to his seat in the front row of the circle and bowed acknowledgments to the cheering crowds. Whereupon Mr. Charles Chaplin sat down to look at the first presentation of the film *Limelight*, of which he was the director, author, composer, financier and star.

My wife and I also settled down in our seats which had cost fifteen guineas each, for the great event was in aid of a splendid charity. As London is something of a village we saw the usual inhabitants all about us—Noel Coward, Douglas Fairbanks, and the rest of them. Outside the cinema the milling crowds held up the traffic and no one cared. It was an event!

My presence was not basically due to curiosity or to a desire to support a worthy charity. I apologize for having to make a short personal statement but it is essential to the narrative. Some months ago I resigned as dramatic critic of Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* because it was impossible to get away, except occasionally, from the House of Commons at night. The narrowness of our majority demands eternal vigilance and readiness to meet an attack. After a lapse of time, however, Beaverbrook suggested I should write each week in the *Sunday Express* on just one play or one film or one opera. Instead of covering the week's offerings it was left to me to choose the most interesting or the most important (not always the same thing) and devote my whole space to it. The Chaplin film was an automatic choice.

You will recall that, with a maladroitness difficult to understand, the American authorities announced that having granted Chaplin (who has remained a British subject) a return permit they were not certain he would be allowed to come back to America.

In Britain there was an immediate and almost hysterical reaction. It would seem that Charlie was the most beloved member of our family. It is true he did not come to us in our war troubles, or entertain our troops, or send us any bundles, but what of that? He had made us laugh and he had made us cry.

If America didn't want Charlie we would take him to our hearts and even kill the not very fattened calf for him. We would put the candle in the window and keep the teapot brewing on the hearth. Like Shakespeare and Herbert Morrison he had once lived on the South Bank of London and we would acclaim him as a favorite son. But what about his alleged sympathy with Communism? We couldn't be bothered about that.

So the little man arrived with his attractive young wife, their children, and Sidney, his son by a former marriage. They were given an uproarious welcome and the calf was duly slaughtered. Now, we were to get Chaplin at the full tide of his genius. People told each other that *Limelight* would revolutionize the modern film.

Our interest was enhanced by the fact that he had selected a young English actress, Claire Bloom, as his leading lady. Since acting in *Limelight* she had conquered London as Juliet in the Old Vic production of that most exquisite of Shakespeare's plays. In fact we acclaimed her the Juliet of the century. I went to the first night and can never remember being so moved as by her exquisite tenderness in the balcony scene.

The first showing of *Limelight* was to the critics, together with an invited audience from the film and newspaper world. We read next day that at the end of the performance the critics stood up and cheered the great little silver-haired star as he walked out. This was something. Most of our film critics take a very dyspeptic view of new films but apparently Charlie had momentarily bicarbonated the critical stomach.

Continued on page 40



Claire Bloom



Lord Strabolgi



"I wonder why she didn't marry him!"

KITTY had never read such beautiful love letters. How could any woman resist the warmth and devotion they expressed? She looked again at the faded photograph taken in the early '90s, and decided that her aunt's suitor had been very handsome. She knew, too, from remarks occasionally dropped, that he had been brilliant, cultured and well-off, and that, momentarily at least, his affections had been returned.

Why, she wondered, had her aunt refused him to marry instead the plain, little man who had led her a don's stodgy existence till death terminated it for both of them.

"Why? Why?" she kept asking herself.

She would have been shocked to learn the real reason... a reason that, on paper, seems trivial perhaps, but which, in life, looks large as a sinister barrier that can turn ardor to indifference.

You Never Know

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you may not know when

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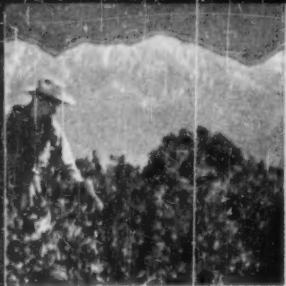
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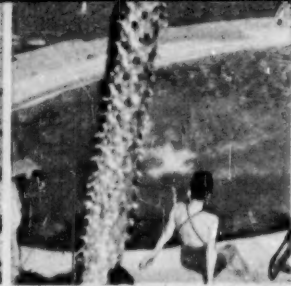
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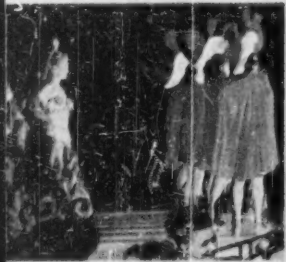
Winter orange harvesting



Winter geranium field



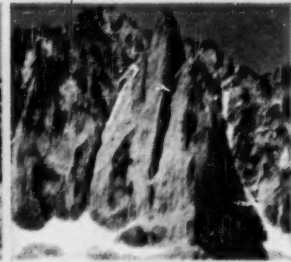
Desert oasis in winter



Hollywood night life



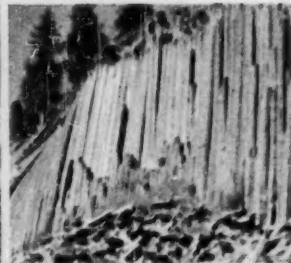
Palos Verdes Light



Palisade Glacier



Aloes blooming by the sea



Devil Postpile



San Geronio Pass, March



Pacific shoreline, winter



Mt. Whitney (14,496 ft.)



City links, desert oasis



For vacation advice: All-Year Club Free Visitors' Bureau, 517 West 6th St., L.A.

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These pictures are just samples of the contrasts and variety that make a Southern California vacation such a thrilling change for you, such a big experience.

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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

at Ottawa

Are We Pulling Our Weight Overseas?

MANY Canadians, including this correspondent, are addicted to glib talk about "American isolationists." A few months ago an article in Maclean's applied that term to the supporters of Senator Robert Taft, of Ohio, the defeated candidate for the Republican nomination. Compared to General Eisenhower or to Democrat Adlai Stevenson, Taft certainly is an isolationist. But is he an isolationist compared to the average Canadian?

Eugene Griffin, Ottawa correspondent of the Chicago Tribune had an uncomfortably good question: "What right have you Canadians to call Taft an isolationist? Taft is in favor of keeping four American divisions in Europe. How many Canadian divisions are you in favor of?"

Four divisions are approximately twelve times the one brigade that Canada has in Europe, and not many Canadian voices have urged that we send more. The United States is approximately twelve times as big as Canada in population. In terms of simple arithmetic Senator Taft is just as isolationist as we are, no more and no less, on the fairly important question of how many men to send abroad.

OF COURSE that is an oversimplified comparison. Canada is not a Great Power. American troops in Europe are a real deterrent to Soviet aggression; Canadian troops are not. The Canadian brigade is a valuable token of Canadian willingness to co-operate with the North Atlantic Treaty nations, but not all the troops we could possibly muster

would alter Stalin's intentions one jot.

Prime Minister St. Laurent has pointed out that it costs fifteen times as much to keep a Canadian soldier on duty in Europe as to keep a European soldier at the same post. It's a reasonable economic argument against a larger Canadian garrison overseas.

But the argument implies that Canada, pulling less than her weight in armed manpower, should therefore pull somewhat more than her weight in material aid. Are we doing it? What does the record show there?

At first glance the record looks fairly good. Since the end of the war the United States has put up a grand total of thirty-five billion dollars in grants and loans to the rest of the world. Canada in the same period has put up \$2.4 billions. The American total is about sixteen times the Canadian, which is fair enough considering that the American national income is at least eighteen times ours.

True, about half the Canadian total is composed of the loan to Britain in 1946. From 1948 through 1950, when the Marshall Plan was operating and Canada wasn't doing much of anything, we didn't show up so well. But our present contribution of three hundred and twenty-three million dollars a year to NATO, plus the Colombo Plan and various odds and ends, bring Canada's share back to a very respectable figure. In 1951 Canada provided grants of three hundred and forty-nine millions to our allies, which was one fourteenth of the United States' five billions.

But the \$323 millions to NATO, according to Continued on page 46



Cartoon by Grassick

THE SECRET NIGHTMARE OF EUROPE

By LIONEL SHAPIRO

LONDON

ACROSS the face of Western Europe, from Oslo to Lisbon, a startling piece of diplomatic intelligence is widely known, widely feared and deeply pondered. *But it is never uttered.*

It is often hinted at. Sometimes a statesman experiencing a burst of courage will approach it in high-sounding phrases as did Canada's Lester B. Pearson in his acceptance speech as president of the UN General Assembly: "How can national self-expression, a dynamic and essential force in every part of the world, be realized without setting in motion tensions which would endanger the whole structure of international co-operation?"

It is even passed around like the hidden ball in football, as when a diplomat was heard to exclaim privately: "If only some great and trusted figure would come out with it fair and square! It would be like a rush of fresh air into our stale NATO council chambers. Of course he would have to resign from public service immediately, but what a magnificent way to go out!"

Often this unspeakable thing is spoken only in sign language, as on an occasion a few days ago when a Western ambassador, musing in the cosy intimacy of his own fireside, said, "Well, to tell you the truth, a lot of people here are almost as scared that world war will somehow be precipitated by those people (at this point he jerked a well-polished shoe in one direction) as by those people (and he jerked his other well-polished shoe in the opposite direction)."

What is this dreadful secret which scares the striped pants off the brainiest men in Europe?

It is simply this: The Western allies live in fear that the Americans, with the noblest intentions and *Continued on page 43*



Ten thousand fully armed Americans march Frankfurt streets.

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE UNITED STATES, IN ITS DETERMINATION TO PREVENT SOVIET AGGRESSION, COULD BLUNDER INTO STARTING A WORLD WAR ITSELF? THIS UNSPOKEN QUESTION, SAYS MACLEAN'S EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT, HAUNTS MILLIONS OF ANTI-COMMUNISTS TO WHOM THE PENTAGON IS PART BASTION AND PART POWDER KEG

THE FIRING SQUAD

By COLIN McDOUGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

For Private Jones the sentence was death.

For Captain Adam, his executioner, it was life—a life of hope or of shame?

HE WAS the first Canadian soldier sentenced to death, and rear headquarters in Italy seethed with the prospect of carrying it out. At his marble-topped desk in Rome Major-General Paul Vincent read the instructions from London with distaste. The findings of the court martial had been confirmed by Ottawa—that meant by a special session of the cabinet, the General supposed—and it was now the direct responsibility of the Area Commander that the execution of Private Sydney Jones should be proceeded with "as expeditiously as possible."

The hum of voices and the quick beat of teletypes in the outer office marked the measure of Rome's agitation. No one had expected this confirmation of sentence. Not even the officers who had sentenced Private Jones to death. For them, indeed, there had been little choice: Jones had even wanted to plead guilty, but the court had automatically changed his plea, and gone on to record its inevitable finding and sentence.

The salient facts of the case filed quickly through the neat corridors of General Vincent's mind. This Jones, a young soldier of twenty-two, had deserted his unit, had joined with a group of deserter-gangsters who operated in Rome and Naples, and had been present when his companions shot and killed a U. S. military policeman. All this Jones admitted, and the court could pass no other sentence. The execution of a Canadian soldier, however, was more than a military matter: it touched on public policy; and higher authorities had never before confirmed a sentence of death. But now the confirming order was in his hands and the train of events must be set in motion.

General Vincent sighed. He preferred to think of himself as the business executive he happened to be rather than a general officer whose duty it was to order a man's death. An execution was something alien and infinitely distasteful. Well, if this thing had to be done under his command at least it need not take place under his personal orders. From the beginning he had known just the man for the job. Already the teletype had clicked off its command to Volpone, the reinforcement base where Private Jones was imprisoned, and a staff car would now be rushing the commander of that base, Brigadier Benny Hatfield, to Rome. The General sighed again and turned to some more congenial correspondence on his desk.

A DIRT TRACK spiraled out of Volpone and mounted in white gashes upon the forested mountain side. Fifty infantry reinforcements, fresh from Canada, were spaced along the first two miles of zigzag road. They carried all the paraphernalia of their fledgling trade: rifles, machine guns, and light mortars. Some were trying to run, lurching ahead with painful steps; others stopped to stand panting in their own small lakes of sweat. One or two lay at the roadside,

Continued on page 28







There are thirteen nationalities in this Winnipeg Ballet group. Their proud city loves them nearly as much as the Blue Bombers.



Karsh Photographs **Canada's**

On these pages he pictures the fourteen separate ethnic groups which to him make up the essence of Winnipeg, the sprawling prairie metropolis that sits for its portrait in the third of Maclean's series of cities by Karsh

SCOTTISH

Curling, the game Winnipeg brought to its highest state of refinement, mingles the races too. Scots like George Henderson are predominant.



ICELANDIC

Sophia Wathne learned hand-weaving not from her own people but from a Winnipeg craft group.



UKRAINIAN

In the ancient culture of Mary Janczyn's people, painted Easter eggs unite the realms of faith and beauty.



POLISH

The radiant vitality of these young folk dancers was, for Karsh, in harmony with a restless and happy city.



FLEMISH

The fishing nets this woman is making will never be used. "But the old skills should not be lost," she said.

's Melting Pot

YOUSUF KARSH, to whom the human face is the most exciting of all photographic subjects, found Winnipeg crowded with excitement. He respects tall buildings, dignitaries and other things dear to the heart of the conventional civic booster, but he felt at once that he could say more about Winnipeg's origins, structure and spirit through close-ups of the people who live there than in any other way. "Winnipeg is the only city in Canada," he said, "that constantly reminds you of the wonderful wholeness and the wonderful diversity of the human being. In Winnipeg I photographed people of fourteen different racial backgrounds. As a first-generation Canadian myself, proud of being a Canadian and by no means ashamed of being also an Armenian, I had many special feelings."

BYELORUSSIAN

These brothers came to Canada direct from a DP camp in Germany in 1950. Their mother was killed and their father exiled to Siberia.





JAPANESE

Karsh photographed this charming group, one of them a former Miss Winnipeg, while they awaited start of a Buddhist service.

The Changing Face of new Canada

In these portraits, Karsh - himself a first-generation Canadian - captures something of the age and sorrow of the old world, something of the hope and inspiration of the new

JEWISH

Robbi Meyer Schwartzmann is a writer, poet and journalist. His wife and seven children left Poland on the last ship out in '39.

GERMAN

Most members of this Mennonite choir are second or third generation Canadians whose ways are thoroughly "modern."





HUNGARIAN

As a star of the Winnipeg Ballet, Eva von Gencsy, who came to the city as a housemaid, is a national celebrity. Karsh found her "full of personality."



ESTONIAN

Sale Katrine Kimmel reminded Karsh of a fairy princess when he met her. When he returned to Winnipeg she had, sure enough, wed a wealthy suitor.



Grain

The prairie wheatlands, which brought Winnipeg its second and greatest wave of settlers, are still the chief influence on its business life. To the task of buying and selling, sifting and shipping the end product of the western farm, the city devotes a sizeable part of its energies. Here the inspection branch of the Board of Grain Commissioners samples the richest crop in the west's history.

Karsh's Winnipeg *continued*

Why they come to W

The four elements that make Winnipeg the hub of the prairies have been luring new Canadians since the days of Clifford Sifton

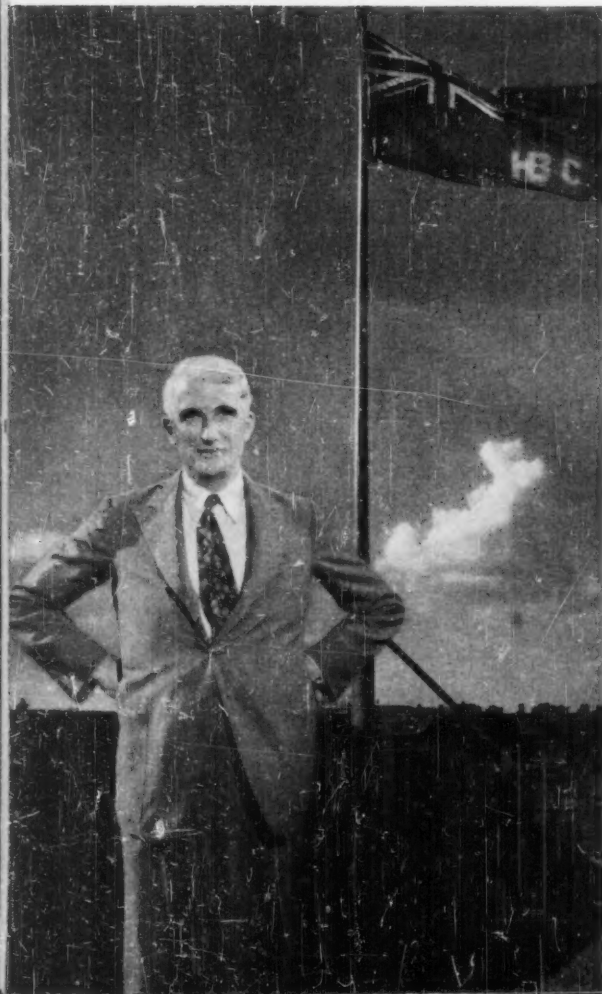
MOST OF the people shown on the previous pages of Yousuf Karsh's Winnipeg story are the descendants or the successors of the settlers Sir Clifford Sifton often described and welcomed to the west as "the men in sheepskin coats." To Sifton, they could have brought no more honorable or more promising badge, and time has proved his vision true; except very rarely the sheepskin coats themselves are seen no more on the streets of Winnipeg, but the things they symbolized—the eager willingness to work hard and adapt themselves to a new and intemperate land—still survive and each year are freshened by new immigrants who come to meet the same challenges and adventures. These challenges and adventures have gone through the same

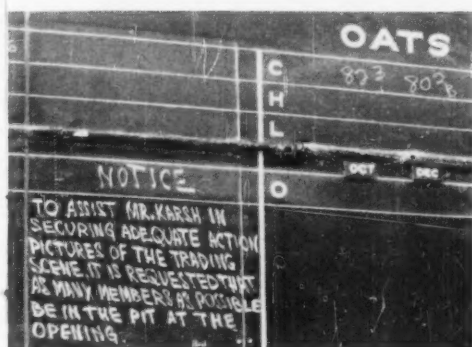
processes of fusion and growth as has the population itself. Just as the ethnic bloodstreams of central and eastern Europe course beside and mingle with the bloodstreams of the United Kingdom, the commercial bloodstream has changed its old and insular patterns. Its main sources grow more and more interdependent and give the city's business life that wholeness-with-diversity that Karsh saw in the people.

Winnipeg remains, of course, the centre of a great grain market, the centre of a great retail market, and the centre of a gargantuan funnel of railroad yards. The Grain Exchange is still the busiest and most dynamic show in town, but light industry has spawned a number of little giants, notably in the needle trades, and it

Furs

The fur trade has shrunk and the days when Winnipeg was capital of a private empire ruled by the Hudson's Bay Company are a distant memory. But, to Karsh, the Bay's big store on Portage Avenue, its house flag and its chief, Philip Chester, represented an unbroken link between the Winnipeg of today and the old Red River Settlement.





Money

Those who remember the days when trading in futures was wide open insist neither Winnipeg nor its world-famous Grain Exchange will ever be the same. Karsh found the pit sufficiently stirring and hectic, just as it is. Obliging officials anticipated his

visit with the injunction shown at left. However, it's a very businesslike place for all its friendliness, and one trader who made a hand signal to help the photographer with a picture found himself stuck with a transaction on which he lost twelve dollars.

to Winnipeg

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can no longer be said that the men of the GX are the city's sole aristocrats and sole arbiters of its destiny.

At first the noise and bustle and wild scrambling for bids in the exchange's pit terrified Karsh. "I thought, 'Thank God I don't like money that well!' It was just like being in a zoo. But after the market closed I met some of the traders again and found them gracious and refined."

Karsh also ended up with mixed reactions to two other local institutions, the Winnipeg curler and the Winnipeg goldeye. He saw so many goldeye that when a friendly firm gave him a box of twenty he couldn't eat one. He took the curler's portrait on page ten with heavy floods. The ice acted as a conductor and "almost electrocuted" the photographer. ★



Rails

When Karsh photographed Winnipeg's renowned and gigantic railway yards, the CPR gave him a Diesel engine to use as a taxi. Elsewhere he's used tugboats and squad cars.



JACK ADAMS MANAGER, DETROIT RED WINGS
"The greatest player I've ever seen."



LLOYD PERCIVAL DIRECTOR, SPORTS COLLEGE
His charts show Howe topping Canadiens' Rocket Richard in sixteen departments of play.



DICK IRVIN COACH, MONTREAL CANADIENS
"When Howe scores as many goals as Richard has, then start to compare them."

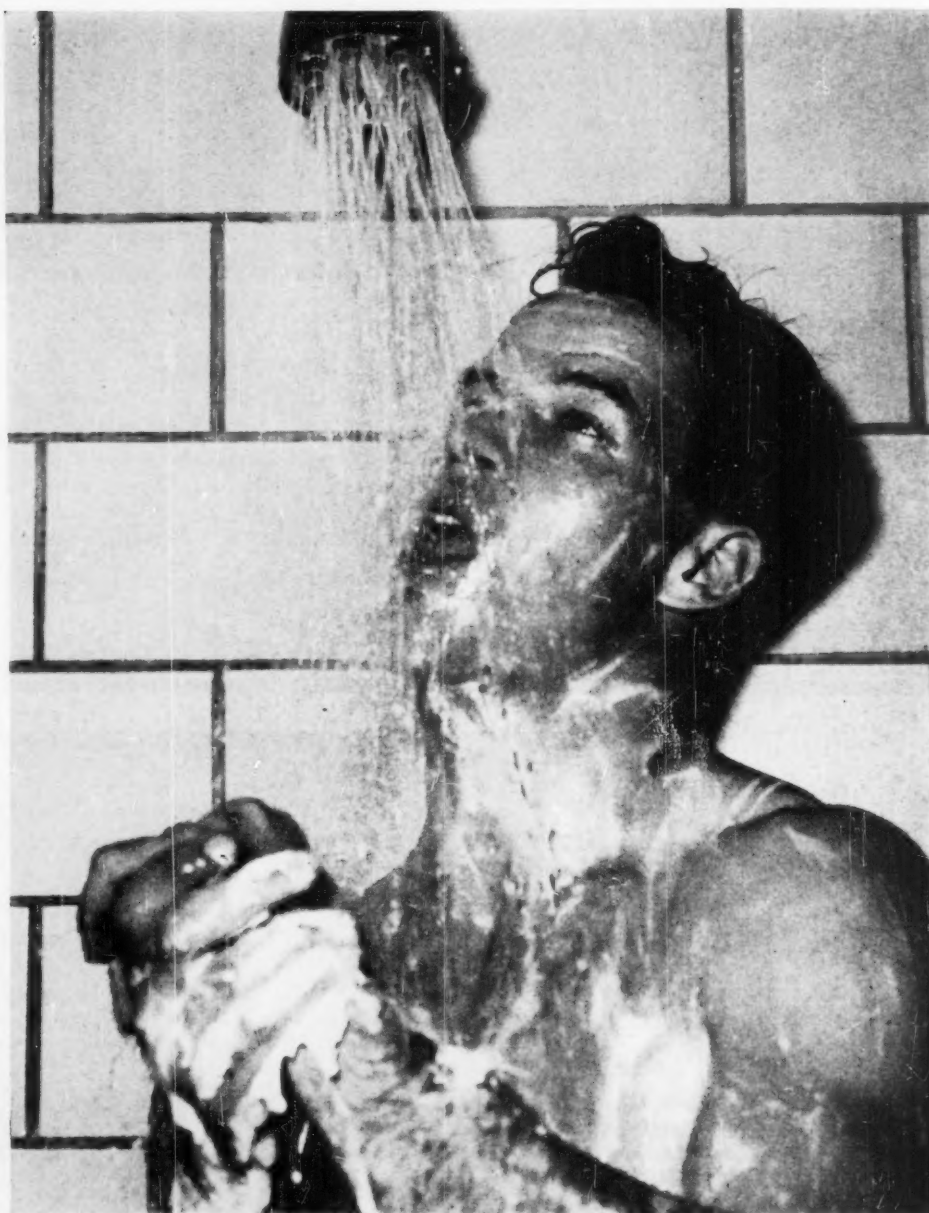


TOMMY IVAN COACH, DETROIT RED WINGS
"Gordie Howe has the guts of a burglar."



SID ABEL COACH, CHICAGO BLACK HAWKS
"I'd like to put a saddle on him and let somebody ride around on his back."

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT GORDIE?



GORDIE HOWE ALL-STAR RIGHTWINGER
"It's just luck. The big reason must be because I'm on a great team."

Does Howe rate as the greatest player alive? Is he plain lucky to skate with a great line? While the experts argue the shy superman from Saskatoon calmly goes on netting the puck with both hands and watching his salary soar

By **BARNEY MILFORD**

CLARENCE (HAP) DAY, the assistant general manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs, flew to Detroit one day last October to discover if the Red Wings and the Montreal Canadiens had picked up any new hockey tricks since he'd viewed them last season. The Wings were booked to play Day's Leafs four nights later in Toronto and the Habitants were on the agenda the following week so Day put on his dark glasses and false beard, took a chair behind the Detroit bench and proceeded to scout two of Toronto's more detested rivals.

As generally happens when Detroit plays Montreal it was a spirited wrangle between two of the National Hockey League's most colorful teams. For two periods Day had virtually nothing to place under his retreating hairline for future reference. Both sides looked brisk and polished and vigorous and accomplished and this was nothing new to the Leafs. But in the third period, with Detroit nursing a 2-1 lead, the game blew wide open and here is how it happened:

Gordie Howe, the Saskatoon youngster who is Detroit's All-Star rightwinger, broke across the blueline with the puck near the boards and was immediately hounded by Doug Harvey, Montreal's All-Star defenseman, who was endeavoring to force him into the corner. He seemed to have succeeded, too, for he had pushed Howe to such an angle that the rightwinger's shot was blocked easily by the Montreal goalkeeper, Jerry McNeil, and it bounced out four or five feet in front of the goal.

Harvey still had his right shoulder dug into Howe's left side as they circled toward the back of the net, with Howe's stick rattling against the backboards as they scooted along. He was in no position to reach the loose puck until suddenly he straightened, lofted his stick high in the air with both hands, slid the butt-end of it into his right hand as he brought his arms across Harvey's hunched shoulders and then, shooting left-handed, reached out for the loose puck and drove it across McNeil's chest into the net. The Canadiens were so shaken by this legerdemain, and the Red Wings so ecstatically buoyed (hockey players are an emotional band), that Detroit had no difficulty adding three more goals for a 6-1 triumph.

Hap Day, in his report to Leaf coach Joe Primeau the following morning, described the play with a noticeable quaver in his voice and concluded that it was "the most brilliant goal I ever saw."

Things like this make many people believe that Howe, who will not be twenty-five until next March 31, is the best hockey player alive today. Almost everyone in the NHL who makes his living thinking has a favorite Howe play to describe, usually so poignant that it requires gestures, and the stories seldom overlap. The common denominator is Howe's versatility.

Invariably, hockey men begin their orations by noting that he can do everything well. Then, their heads shaking unbelievably and their audience as silent as the Montreal Forum when the enemy scores a goal, they launch into a detailed account of this or that fragment of how Howe won them. Of this young man they point out that he can skate, he can fight, he can backcheck, he can stickhandle, he detests defeat and therefore has great spirit, he can kill off penalties, he can make plays, he can think, he can shift, he is durable and, most important of all, he can put the puck in the net. He can do it right-handed or left-handed, an exceedingly rare accomplishment.

There is no known way that a rival coach can stop Howe consistently. Sid Abel, his centre on the great Detroit line that had Ted Lindsay at left wing, was asked soon after he became coach of the Chicago Black Hawks this season if his experience in playing beside Howe had provided him with a theory on how to stop him.

Does Gordie Damp the Rocket?

"Naw," replied Abel gloomily. "What I'd like to do is put a saddle on him and let somebody ride around on his back."

Howe's leading booster, not unnaturally, is Jack Adams, general manager of the Red Wings, who does not spar around with reservations. "He's the greatest player I've ever seen in hockey," Adams remarked on the eve of the league's annual All-Star game in Detroit last fall.

This was shocking news to supporters of Maurice (Rocket) Richard, the idolized Montreal rightwinger who recently established an all-time scoring record when he wiped Nels Stewart's three hundred and twenty-four goals from the record book. For two years there had been considerable controversy over the relative merits of Howe and Richard. Dick Irvin, coach of the Canadiens, apparently held the trump card for any such discussions with this observation: "When Howe scores as many goals as Richard has then I'll consider it time to start comparing them."

At the start of the current season *Continued on page 41*



OFFENSE

Playing Toronto in Detroit, Howe (far left) whips a swift puck at goalie Harry Lumley.

HOWE'S VERSATILITY MAKES HIM HARD TO HANDLE

DEFENSE

Howe (behind Canadiens' Floyd Curry) helps prevent a score at Sawchuk's net in Montreal.



Recovering from brain injury received in Stanley Cup play-offs in 1950, Gordie chats happily with his mother, Mrs. Kathryn Howe, and sister, Mrs. Gladys Lyell.



The chinook arch, high in the sky over Claresholm, Alta., heralds the

appro

THE WIND THAT BRIN

BY BARBARA MOON

When the Chinook blows

on Alberta

lilacs bloom,

bears quit their dens

and young men

begin writing poetry

months ahead of schedule

THE WEATHER in Alberta, if you can believe all you hear, is not the least improbable commodity in that improbable province.

Albertans, with disarming gusto, claim freeze-up comes so fast that gophers caught in their holes are popped out like peas from a pod; winds are so violent that a calf was once blown against a barn and held there until it starved to death; and Saskatchewan is said to have been founded by Albertans blown clear over the boundary by a gale. Furthermore, they say, the short hot growing season produces turnips that have to be harvested with a car jack and straw that can be dried and used for drainpipes.

On the other hand it's a matter of record that southern Alberta has seen lilacs and pussywillows budding in January, grain threshed in the fields in February and golf courses open for play every month of the year. All winter, in fact, the province is teased by brief periods of spring so balmy they prod the butterfly untimely from its chrysalis, the bear from his den and the human from his dogged endurance of the knife-edged Alberta cold.

These facts and their counterparts in legend have their basis in a wind—the ardent and hot-breathed chinook.

Chinook is western Canada's name for the hot dry wind that temperamentally sweeps the Alberta foothills. The same kind of wind is found in the lee of many great mountain ranges of the world; the climatologist calls it a foehn-type wind (foehn is pronounced like "fern" without the "r"). It's a unique weather phenomenon. As it drops down the slopes from aloft the wind gains heat mechanically and completely independently of the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. This mechanical heating, called adiabatic heating,

follows a simple law of physics: as the air drops it compresses and warms at the rate of five degrees for every thousand feet of fall. A good illustration of the same principle is the heat generated by a hand-operated tire pump.

Foehn-type winds are dry as well as warm. Approaching the mountains at right angles they're shouldered aloft and any moisture is condensed into rain and snow and dropped on the windward slopes. Then, when they've passed over the range, they toboggan down, getting hotter and hotter as they go. If they're strong enough they displace the air at the ground and if that air is cold they'll come like the blast from a furnace in contrast.

Foehns are not always strong enough to push beyond the immediate foothills. But where there are mountain passes these act as funnels. The wind drops into them, combines forces with the ground currents and jets out from their gut far into the plains.

Crowsnest Pass in the Canadian Rockies is just such a natural spillway and, though the foothills from Montana to beyond the Peace River district enjoy chinooks, the main chinook belt in Canada fans east from Crowsnest. It's shaped roughly like a clenched fist with Claresholm to the north and Waterton to the south, with a stubby finger pointing toward Medicine Hat.

A second factor makes this area chinook-prone. The wind must come from the west across the mountains, and southern Alberta lies right in the path of regular and frequent westerlies. A secondary zone includes Calgary and Swift Current and effects are felt all over the province and into Saskatchewan.

Until recently the main belt could count on the chinook to blow forty percent of the winter, or more than five days out of every fourteen. The benefits have been startling: it has saved farmers

s the

approach of the freak wind that's given rise to some of the most zany legends of the west. It also adds millions of dollars to farm income.

GS JUNE IN JANUARY

from ruin and whole herds of horses and cattle from starvation. It offers another, subtler, merchandise. When the land is locked in ice the Albertan can hope that a chinook will release it before a fortnight is out. Because of this the chinook has brought *esprit*, a native habit of optimism.

The Albertan celebrates his chinook in some of his blithest tales, like the famous one usually attributed to Dave McDougall, a trader who came to the country in 1865. McDougall was going from Morley to Calgary by bobsleigh one winter day. With the temperature at forty below he was bundled in a fur coat and hot bricks were tucked in the buffalo robes. He'd reached the place where Cochrane now stands when the wind changed suddenly. The temperature skyrocketed and the snow-packed icy roads began to melt. In a minute the sleigh's runners would be biting into the bald prairie. The authorized version of the anecdote quotes McDougall thus: "I stood up, whipped up the horses to the dead run and—would you believe it?—for twenty-five miles we raced the chinook into Calgary, the front bobs in the snow, the back bobs kicking up the dust behind us."

The variations on this story are as endless as they are cheerful.

One of them reports that the driver of a wagon caught in a similar predicament was able to keep the front end of his wagon ahead of the chinook, but got his feet frozen. However a squaw who was riding in the back got sunstroke. More readily authenticated stories are almost as incredible. In January of 1946 Calgary woke to a temperature of ten above. A forenoon chinook sent it to thirty-six above. In the afternoon a sudden icy north wind drove the temperature down forty-six degrees to ten below. In both Calgary and Lethbridge January has brought

forty below weather and the same month has seen temperatures in the sixties.

The change can come unbelievably quickly. There are recorded mercury jumps of sixty-four degrees in an hour, fifty degrees in fifteen minutes and even forty-two degrees in three minutes. Jumps of forty-five degrees in twelve hours are common.

The chinook is so dry it can evaporate a foot of ice and snow overnight: the snow doesn't melt; it literally disappears as vapor. For this reason the chinook is also known as the snow eater.

The freak wind comes in summer as well as winter—though much less frequently. Then, though it's still heated by its plunge down the mountains, it may seem relatively cool if it displaces

a hot wind from another direction. It can start at any time of day or night and last for a few minutes, a few hours, several days or a week.

Its relatives in other mountainous regions include the zonda in Argentina, the harmattan in the Atlas Mountains, the Santa Ana in southern California and the foehn in the Alps. It's from the European wind that the whole family takes its name.

The Canadian foehn was called chinook after the Chinook Indians, a tall hawk-nosed tribe on the Pacific Coast of the northwestern United States. The name was first applied by early white settlers at Astoria, Ore., to a dry northwesterly wind blowing from the direction of the Chinook villages on the opposite shore of the *Continued on page 26*



A favorite chinook yarn tells of a winter traveler who tied his horse to a post in the snow and bedded down. Came the chinook, the snow melted, the man awoke to find his horse hanging from the Morley steeple.



Leacock wrote in this room over his boathouse on Old Brewery Bay, near Orillia, Ont. Creative writing was, he found, an "arduous contrivance."

The Erudite Jester of McGill

Stephen Leacock split his tremendous talents between the unlikely twins of economics and light humor and won an international reputation in both. Nearly a decade after his death his figures may be forgotten but his fun is as fresh as ever

By TRENT FRAYNE

THE crystal chandeliers glittered and the balconies were filled in the New York Waldorf-Astoria as Stephen Leacock, Canada's celebrated humorist, sat at the head table and heard himself introduced. As always, his white hair and mustache were shaggy and he looked rumpled in his dinner jacket, with the knot in his black tie its usual half-hearted loop. Beside him sat the president of one of the world's largest banks and filling the room before him were other members of the New York chapter of the American Institute of Banking. They had come to hear Stephen Leacock, head of the department of economics and political science at McGill University.

It was an imposing introduction. It noted that several of his sixty-one works had been published in seven languages and it brought in all the titles and honors that belonged beside his name. He was a doctor seven times over: of philosophy from Chicago; of laws from Queen's and McGill; of letters from Dartmouth, Brown and Toronto; and of civil law from Bishop's, of Lennoxville, Que.

Amid well-mannered applause Leacock rose slowly to his feet. He looked carefully around this richly distinguished gathering as the room grew solemn. "The man forgot," he remarked at length, "that I am also past president of the Anti-Mosquito Association of East Simcoe."

Leacock seldom forgot his humor even when he dealt with the most profound subjects before the most profound audiences and he seldom failed to include himself among its helpless targets. By using his humor to convey his wisdom he brought a greater reading audience than any other economist of his time and, as a humorist, he brought so much good feeling to his laughter that he made man frailties seem somehow less depressing and life's ironies somehow less bitter. He wrote learnedly on economics and lightly on life, and his humor, not surprisingly, far outsold his profundity. Robert Benchley, the renowned American humorist, once remarked that he "had written every word that Leacock ever wrote."

Leacock's collections of happy essays were published in England, the United States and Canada and were translated into French, German, the Gujarati language of India, Hungarian, Japanese and Swedish. There is no record of the number of copies sold but it was sufficient to provide him with an income of about sixty thousand dollars a year in royalties in the early Twenties, his best years. When he died on March 28, 1944, in Toronto General Hospital twelve days after an operation for cancer of the throat, he was worth about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, although as head of the economics department at McGill, where he lectured three days a week for thirty-six years, his salary had never exceeded six thousand dollars. He was in his seventy-fifth year when he died.

While he made by far the greatest part of his reputation from his humor books he had some of the elements of the comedian who yearned to play Hamlet. Both his first and his last written works were on serious subjects. Elements of Political Science came out in 1906 and his final book,



He used a sailboat for fishing because motorboats "always get there." He also refused to drive a car.

While There Is Time, appeared posthumously in 1945 and warned against an impending conflict between private enterprise and state control.

Leacock was a spellbinding public speaker and a great storyteller and his humorous writings had the conversational style of a man who knows how to get the most out of an anecdote. He had twinkling wide-set grey eyes, a great mop of shaggy hair that grew low on his wide forehead and his clothes had the appearance of having been slept in for a week. He wore a size seventeen shirt collar where a fifteen-and-a-half would have been ample, his suits were baggy and roomy and his tie was generally askew. There was a suspicion at McGill that the gown he wore to classes had come with the fixtures. His brother George once remarked that he was sure Stephen would have liked to

get a haircut "but he never thought of it."

Because of his massive head Leacock looked bigger than his five-feet-eleven and one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and his appearance on lecture tours was strong and imposing. When he spoke his personality became almost a tangible thing that caught up his audience. He could never warm to a radio microphone and on the rare occasions on which he did speak into one he paved the way by organizing a house party, mixing several rounds of drinks and then leading the guests into the radio studio where he could warm to them across an ignored microphone. In his latter years he acquired a "student stoop" and carried a heavy walking stick. On his seventieth birthday he was asked if he ever had given thought to death. "I have a suspicion it is inevitable," he smiled, "but give me my stick, I'll face it."

Leacock never wrote with anything but a pen, in a sweeping clearly legible hand. He did most of his work in the early morning, rising between five and six, brewing himself a pot of tea and sitting down at his desk for two or three hours before breakfast. He found writing on economics relatively easy but the humor came hard.

"There is no trouble in writing a scientific treatise on the folklore of Central China or a statistical enquiry into the declining population of Prince Edward Island," he once noted. "But to write something out of one's own mind, worth reading for its own sake, is an arduous contrivance only to be achieved in fortunate moments, few and far between." He vastly preferred to write creatively, whatever anguish it involved, and once remarked that he'd rather have written Alice in Wonderland than the whole Encyclopedia Britannica.

The public felt much the same way about it. Irvin S. Cobb once observed that he couldn't select a favorite Leacock story "because all Leacock's stories are favorites of mine." Most people's favorite, however, was his famous Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town which McClelland and Stewart, his Canadian publishers, brought out in 1912 to immortalize in a whimsical fashion the daily life of a small Ontario town. Today, forty years later, adaptations of those sketches are appearing on Canadian television and radio adaptations have often been presented. Continued, page 37



He was very fond of his grandniece Nancy Nimmo. By working hard he found he could increase farm deficit.

IS THE MALE

BY NORMAN J. BERRILL



It's a man's world. It's a woman's world.

The theologians and physiologists, the economists and politicians, the suffragettes and psychiatrists, have all had their turn at settling the most contentious debate in the whole sphere of human relations. Maclean's herewith consults a much better authority — the zoologist.

Dr. Norman John Berrill, Strathcona Professor of Zoology at McGill, has made a lifetime study of the essential interdependence of the male and female among all orders of life. For this article we asked him to take a long, Darwinesque look at the relative importance of the sexes in the fundamental schemes of nature.

Dr. Berrill is a fellow of the Royal Society, a world-famous student of marine life, and author of *Journey Into Wonder*, published in Canada by McClelland and Stewart.

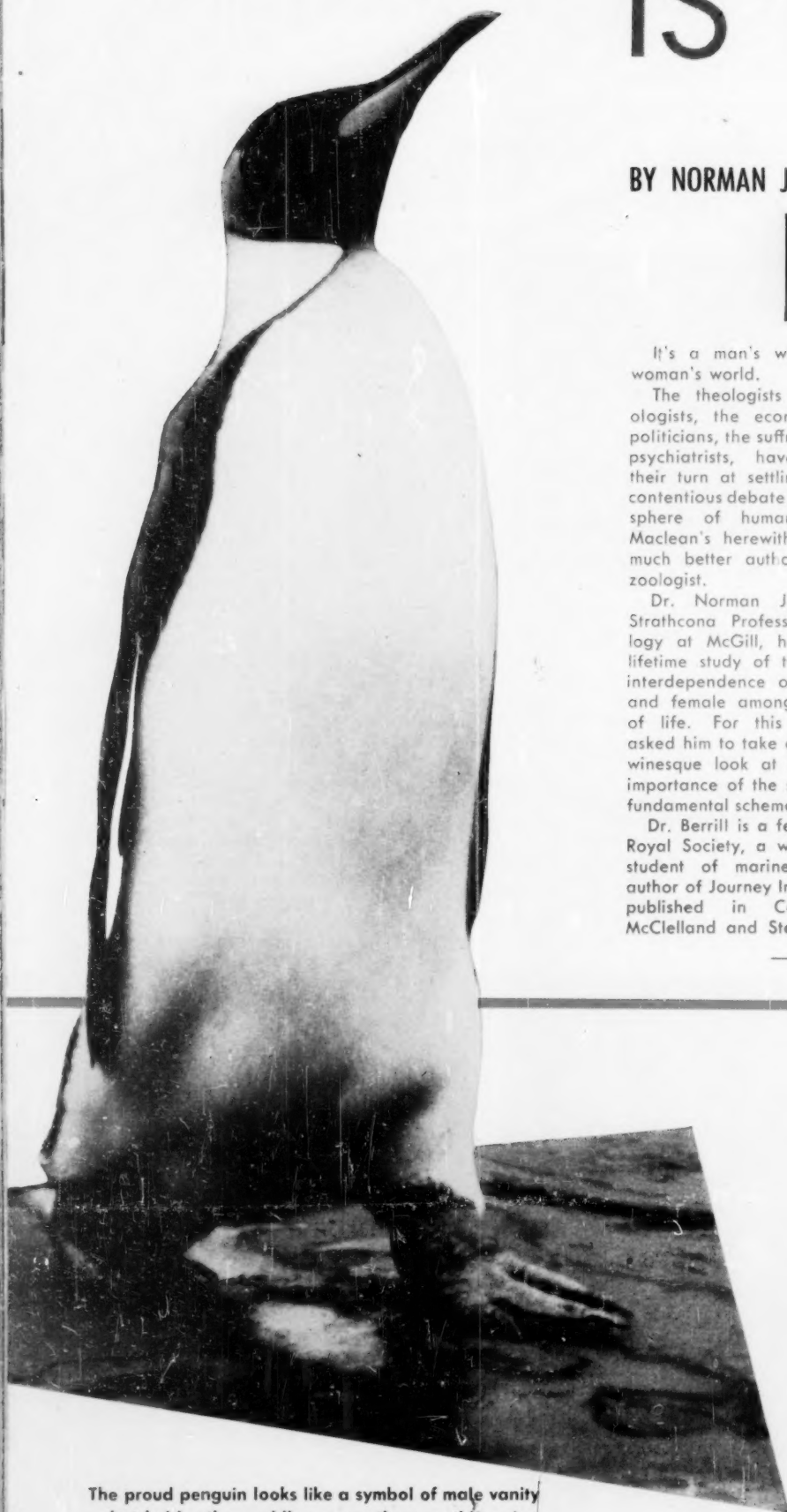
—The Editors

THE mere fact that men do most of the talking about whose world it is can be accepted as *prima facie* evidence that it isn't theirs, and was never meant to be. Outwardly the stronger, more secure sex, they lack confidence in themselves, not as individuals but as the males of the species. The quiet disturbing smile of Mona Lisa can be seen on many women, but never on a man—and it comes from that secret knowledge which nearly all women have, of power over life and a place in the scheme of things that is more vital than the male's.

Deep down in every male perhaps there is a subconscious awareness of an inescapable scientific truth; if the Battle of the Sexes should ever be fought to a finish, the survivor will not and cannot be the male. It is scientifically conceivable, though hardly probable, that in such a biological Armageddon the female could survive alone and carry on a myriad of life-forms without the help of a single male.

After all, of what use is a male? Earning bread and butter hasn't really much to do with sex. It just works out that way since most of the time the male hasn't anything else he must do. The actual work of making children and rearing them to maturity belongs to women—and when we look at nature as a whole the wonder is that human males are as well regarded and well treated as they are. They make themselves as useful as they can and, considering all the circumstances and alternative possibilities, that is a prudent form of insurance. For among other forms of life they may be murdered, or sent on suicidal expeditions, or simply not produced at all, just to make it possible for more females and their offspring to survive.

In some species of animal life the male sex has already been suppressed, not altogether it is true, but to all intent and purpose. While I think it most unlikely, what has happened before to others could happen to humans as well. The possibility does



The proud penguin looks like a symbol of male vanity—but he'd rather cuddle an egg than anything else.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE MALE JUST DOESN'T EXIST IN MANY SPECIES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. IS THERE A HINT HERE OF THE FUTURE NATURE PLANS FOR THE HUMAN MALE?



THE EDIBLE FATHER

When the love-making is over the female scorpion stings to death her mate, then eats him.

REALLY NECESSARY?

A noted biologist surveys the Battle of the Sexes among the lower species and discovers nature meant the male to be weak, henpecked and in some cases expendable

exist. When such possibilities become desirable in nature, nature has a way of making them come true.

What use is a male of our or any other species? Fundamentally the answer is all too simple: it is to fertilize an egg, perhaps a million eggs, depending on what animal it is. For sex is universal, all organisms, even plants, possess it or something of the kind although not all of them have it all the time, let alone in separate form. It does not follow, however, that two sexes are essential and equally essential to the propagation of all life.

How small a part even a warm-blooded hairy mammal may play in the maintenance of his race can be seen in the family life of the fisher. Fishers are shy, fur-bearing animals of the northern woods. The female litters all alone in her den in April, having carried her young for a year. She then goes out for a night and finds a mate and next year's litter is started; and, while the new crop sets in her womb, she rears the one already at hand. Apart from that one night the male at no time has anything to do with the female and her brood. He is not tolerated at home and, in fact, possesses no home. His paternity is impersonal and he is too carnivorous to be trusted. Which is all very well, for it leaves him free to roam. But what he eats might feed another brood and, were nature not so wasteful of her effort, a much more economical arrangement might well have been devised. For it is a wasteful process, biologically speaking, to produce as many males as females if all there is at stake is the survival of the species. The fisher is paying the price of supporting more males than the

species can afford; it's growing rarer all the time.

In other species the male has been put to work, as a major rather than a minor parent. He is required to do much more than keep alive from one mating to the next. The sea horse, the only fish in the sea with a prehensile tail, divides the burden of reproduction fairly among the sexes. The female grows the eggs, but that is all she does. The male fertilizes the eggs as they are shed and gathers them into a large abdominal pouch constructed from his pelvic fins. And there they stay until ready to hatch, in a brood pouch as good as any. It works out well and somehow doesn't seem to inconvenience him.

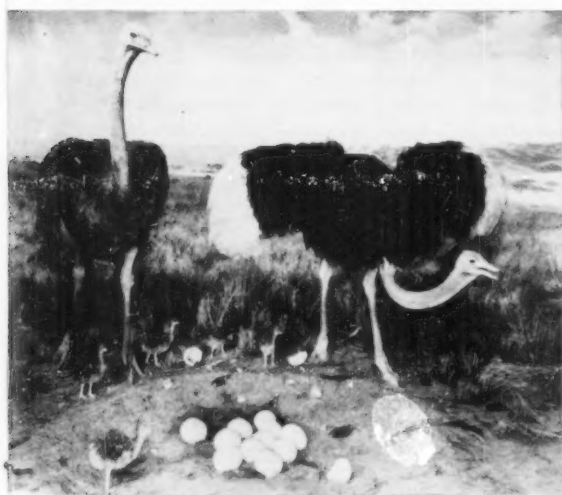
The largest eggs in the fish world, if we forget such things as sharks and rays, are those of certain marine catfish. One of them haunts the mouths of rivers south of the Virginia Capes, where they feed in shallow muddy waters where blue crabs abound—not that catfish eat blue crabs, but the crabs would enjoy a meal of catfish eggs, each three quarters of an inch across. Eggs such as these must be protected from both crabs and mud alike. The female made them and in due course has to make another set, and so the male takes over. He takes the fifty or sixty marble-sized impregnated eggs into his cavernous mouth and draws a gentle stream of water over them and out through his gills. And for four months he does this without swallowing the eggs or any other food, so far as anyone knows. Even when the fry have hatched, they use the paternal mouth as a nursery until they have grown into active fingerlings.

There is a tropical frog that goes even further, though more at the expense of air than food. Once again it is the male who stands by, only this time the larynx is the nursery.

These of course are cold-blooded creatures of a wet or clammy world—yet the matriarchal male occurs in creatures of warmer blood as well, in particular the birds. It takes only a little hormonal switch to make a male bird feel broody enough to sit on a nest of eggs.

On all counts the biggest and best eggs in the world today are ostrich eggs, although the extinct roc of Madagascar laid much larger ones. Wherever ostriches are found—whether or not that is the name they are called by—in Africa, Arabia, Australia or South America the male is the matriarch.

When Darwin as a young man went on his five-year voyage around the world, seasick most of the time, the ostriches he saw in the pampas country of the Argentine bothered him a lot. Only the male bird sat on the nest, upon a great pile of more than one hundred eggs that took six or seven weeks to hatch. Clearly, if one female had to lay them all, the first would be added before the last was laid—and always there were solitary eggs scattered and abandoned across the pampas. Darwin thought that all the females in a neighborhood who had an egg ready to lay, laid it in a communal nest. The next egg they laid in another nest, and so on. But when the hens had difficulty in persuading an old cock to accept the office of incubator and make a nest, they had to start laying whether he was ready or not. Darwin was somewhat off the mark, but the truth is just as queer as his version of it. Female ostriches form a flock and each drops about a dozen eggs in one nest, which is all any one of them lays. The eggs that lie scattered about are the result of the cock's impatience to start. *Continued on page 35*



THE MOTHERLY FATHER

The ostrich male (right) will fight other males for privilege of hatching the bumper broods.



THE EXPENDABLE FATHER

Among water fleas males appear only when needed; females can produce their young alone.



THE ONCE-A-YEAR FATHER

Except for one brief night the male fisher of the north woods is a lonely wandering outcast.



THE NURSERY FATHER

The female sea horse lays eggs but from then on it's the male who carries them until birth.

CLYDE
GILMOUR



Picks the Best and Worst MOVIES OF 1952

These Were The Ten Best

1 **HIGH NOON** Brilliant script, excellent direction and Gary Cooper with a cast of good character players combine to produce a haunting picture.



2 **LIMELIGHT** Chaplin returns after five years with a tour de force. Buster Keaton aids nostalgic pull.



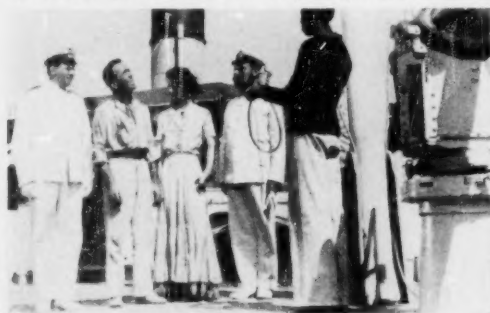
3 **BREAKING THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER** Nigel Patrick is a test pilot in this timely British air drama.



4 **FIVE FINGERS** This astounding spy thriller shows Briton James Mason at his suave and arrogant best.



5 **THE AFRICAN QUEEN** Bogart and Hepburn prepare for death on the German ship they tried to sink.



6 **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT** Alec Guinness wins a place in the best ten for second year in succession.



7 **COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA** Burt Lancaster has male lead in this movie version of the Broadway play.



8 **BOOTS MALONE** Absorbing race-track yarn has William Holden as star. Script wins special mention.



9 **IVANHOE** Sir Walter Scott's classic gives Robert Taylor a triumph in year's best costume spectacle.



10 **PAT AND MIKE** Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn score twice: best sports film, and fine comedy.



THE BEST movie of 1952, in my opinion, is a western, although nary a shot is fired in it until the climactic fusillade in the final ten minutes.

High Noon is a strong and haunting story about a cowtown marshal (well played by Gary Cooper) who is humble enough—and unconventional enough, as Hollywood's frontiersmen go—to sit down and weep a little and write his last will and testament before walking out alone to tackle a squad of killers. Carl Foreman's masterly script and director Fred Zinnemann's cinematic feel for people and places helped to make this one a picture I enjoyed and admired even more the third time than I did at my first viewing. The characters are not the usual rangeland stereotypes; they are individual human beings. The craftsmen who put this compelling film together paid homage to the screen itself by taking a hackneyed situation—the good guy, the bad guys, the lonely death-walk down the deserted street—and turning it into something fresh and mature and honest by dint of superior treatment all along the line.

Limelight, Charles Chaplin's first new movie in five years, is disliked by some people whose judgments I esteem, but to me it seems one of the finest things Chaplin has ever done. Not even an occasional draggy or garrulous episode can detract seriously from the incomparable grace and wit and humanity which abound in this picture, fashioned with loving care by the greatest one-man moviemaker of them all.

Only two of my ten-best list, Breaking Through the Sound Barrier and The Man in the White Suit, are British films. But the British studios continued to delight audiences at home and abroad with many a worthwhile item. At the same time the British and the Americans together pooled their casts and cash and craft in such recommendable trans-Atlantic collaborations as Five Fingers, The African Queen, Ivanhoe, and The Quiet Man. Incidentally, most Canadians didn't see The African Queen until 1952, so it belongs in my '52 list even though it brought actor Humphrey Bogart an Academy Award for '51.

Accolade For a Lovable Lion

My ten-worst list starts with the worst of all, the pretentious big-budget floperos like 3 for Bedroom C and Another Man's Poison. The list concludes with The Unknown World and Bride of the Gorilla, which—though bad enough, heaven knows—never really set out to be anything but moronic fare. All my ten worst are from Hollywood or Hollywood-made except Fun for Four (a distressing British domestic farce) and Mad About Opera, a parcel of musical garlic from Italy.

In Canada, and in many cities of the United States, many customers had to wait until 1952 to see Royal Journey, our National Film Board's lively and sweeping travelogue of the visit paid to these shores in '51 by two highly popular residents of Buckingham Palace. It deserves inclusion among the screen's worthier recent products.

Elsewhere on the cinema scene last year I found myself noting with warm approval such diverse phenomena as the lovable lion in Fearless Fagan, the saucy and imaginative sparkle of a cartoon short called Rooty Toot Toot, and the admirable legs—the *legs*, I said—displayed by Jane Russell as Bob Hope's ferocious girl friend in Son of Paleface.

And after many years of daily invasions of the balcony I still find that the *good* movies stand out a lot more vividly in my memory than the *bad* ones. Furthermore, my conviction deepens that the much-abused film industry, hamstrung though it often is by stale formulas and commercial short-sightedness, probably comes up with a higher percentage of superior material than the book publishers, the baseball leagues and the so-called legitimate theatre—to mention only a few of the rival diversions.

These Were The Ten Worst



1 3 FOR BEDROOM C Gloria Swanson's stagey surprise in this corny scene typifies top flop. It was big-budget.

- 2** ANOTHER MAN'S POISON
- 3** AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK
- 4** DOWN AMONG THE SHELTERING PALMS
- 5** MAD ABOUT OPERA
- 6** FUN FOR FOUR
- 7** ISLAND OF DESIRE
- 8** MACAO
- 9** THE UNKNOWN WORLD
- 10** BRIDE OF THE GORILLA

THESE SCORED PERSONAL ZEROS

WORST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR: Tab Hunter as Linda Darnell's teen-aged Marine in *Island of Desire*.

WORST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTRESS: Anne Francis in the title role in *Lydia Bailey*.

CORNIEST SPOKEN COMMENTARY: Cecil B. DeMille's in *The Greatest Show on Earth*.

These Missed First Ten But Were Good Entertainment

BEST FOREIGN FILMS

1, *La Ronde* (France); 2, *Rashomon* (Japan); 3, *Miracle in Milan* (Italy).

BEST CANADIAN FILM

Royal Journey, a 1951 item not generally seen until '52.

BEST REISSUES

1, *The Maltese Falcon* (U.S., 1941); 2, *Oliver Twist* (British, 1948); 3, *King Kong* (U.S., 1933).

Gilmour Also Especially Enjoyed These Films

THE QUIET MAN
SCARAMOUCHE
CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY
SON OF PALEFACE
THE PROMOTER
STORY OF ROBIN HOOD
THE ATOMIC CITY
THE CAPTIVE CITY

OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS
ENCORE
DEADLINE
WITH A SONG IN MY HEART
THE NARROW MARGIN
THE SNIPER
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

MORE BESTS, CURRENT REVIEWS, NEXT PAGE

Gilmour Acclaims These 1952 Shows And Stars

BEST ACTOR: Charles Chaplin, as the faded clown in Limelight. He also rates as 1952's best all-round moviemaker for his multiple chores in that picture.

BEST ACTRESS: Shirley Booth, as the slatternly housewife in Come Back, Little Sheba.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: Arthur Hunnicutt as Uncle Zeb in The Big Sky.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS: Kay Walsh as the cruise-ship spinster in Encore.

MOST IMPRESSIVE NEWCOMER, MALE: William Marshall as the giant Haitian jungle fighter in Lydia Bailey.

MOST IMPRESSIVE NEWCOMER, FEMALE: Claire Bloom as the ballerina in Limelight.

BEST PERFORMANCE BY A JUVENILE: Mandy Miller in title role as deaf-and-dumb child in The Story of Mandy, directed by Alexander Mackendrick.

BEST SCRIPT WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE SCREEN: Boots Malone, written (and also produced) by Milton Holmes.

BEST SCRIPT ADAPTED FOR THE SCREEN FROM ANOTHER SOURCE: High Noon, written by Carl Foreman and based on a short story by John W. Cunningham.

MOST THRILLING AVIATION SHOTS: Breaking Through The Sound Barrier, an excellent British item.

BEST MOVIE FIGHT: Robert Taylor (with battle-axe) versus George Sanders (with mace-and-chain) in Ivanhoe.

BEST OUTDOOR ACTION SHOTS: Storm at sea which wrecks the Mayflower in Plymouth Adventure.

BEST MUSICAL: Singin' In The Rain, starring Gene Kelly.

BEST CARTOON SHORT: Rooty Toot Toot.

BEST PERFORMANCE BY AN ANIMAL: The title-role lion in Fearless Fagan.

SHAPELIEST LEGS: Jane Russell's (hitherto almost unnoticed) in Son of Paleface.



CHARLES CHAPLIN



SHIRLEY BOOTH



It appears that Jane Russell has legs, too.

Have at thee! Taylor battles Sanders in Ivanhoe.



AMONG OTHER PERFORMANCES GILMOUR ESPECIALLY ENJOYED

Katy Jurado as Gary Cooper's Mexican ex-flame in High Noon . . . Charles Boyer as Bonnard père in The Happy Time . . . Charles Laughton as Soapy, the elegant idler, in O. Henry's Full House . . . Ray Bolger as Charley in Where's Charley? . . . Edith Evans as Lady Bracknell, and Miles Malleson as the vicar, in The Importance of Being Earnest . . . Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers as the disenchanted radio lovebirds in We're Not Married . . . Alec Guinness as Denry Machin in The Promoter . . . Marlene Dietrich as the middle-aged temptress in Rancho Notorious . . . Alastair Sim in bit role as a frustrated film producer in Lady Godiva Rides Again . . . Broderick Crawford as the breezy undercover detective in The Mob.

HOW GILMOUR RATES OTHER CURRENT SHOWS

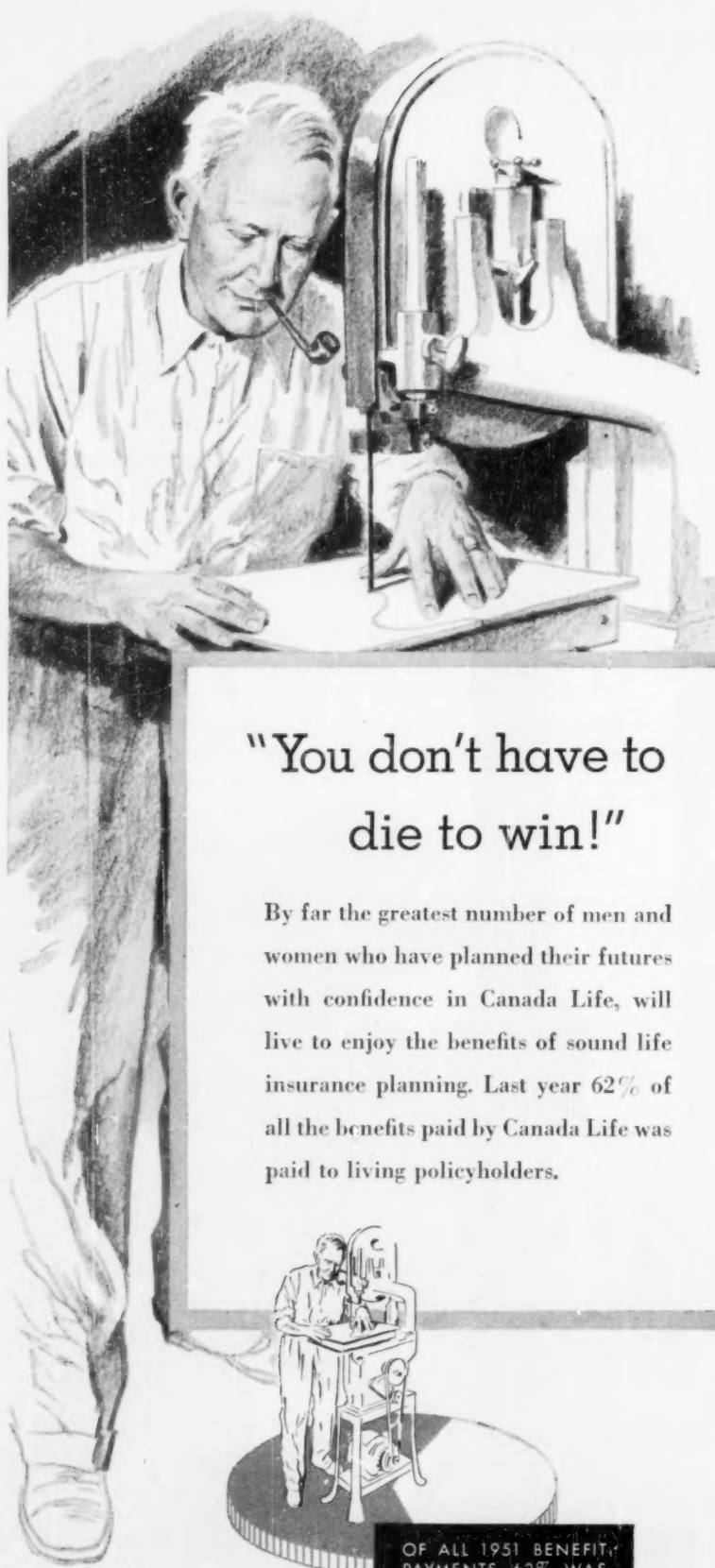
Affair in Trinidad: Drama. Fair.	Never Take No for an Answer: Italian comedy-drama. Good.
All Because of Sally: Comedy. Fair.	Paula: Drama. Fair.
Because of You: Drama. Fair.	Penny Princess: British comedy. Fair.
Because You're Mine: Lanza operatic comedy. Good.	San Francisco Story: Drama. Fair.
Big Jim McLain: Spy drama. Fair.	Secret People: British drama. Fair.
Curtain Up: British comedy. Fair.	Snows of Kilimanjaro: Drama. Good.
The Devil Makes 3: Suspense. Good.	Somebody Loves Me: Musical. Good.
Dreamboat: Satiric comedy. Good.	Something Money Can't Buy: British comedy-drama. Good.
Girl in White: Medical drama. Fair.	Sudden Fear: Suspense drama. Fair.
Hawks in the Sun: Air war. Good.	The Thief: No-talk spy tale. Good.
Hurricane Smith: Tropic drama. Poor.	Tomorrow Is Too Late: Drama. Fair.
I Believe in You: Drama. Good.	Water Birds: Wildlife short. Good.
The Magic Box: Drama. Good.	What Price Glory?: 1914 war. Fair.
The Merry Widow: Musical. Fair.	Yankee Buccaneer: Adventure. Fair.
Mr. Denning Drives North: Suspense drama (British). Fair.	You for Me: Hospital farce. Fair.

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The Wind That Brings June in January

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Columbia River. Later the prairie wind was christened with the same name and it stuck.

Almost every foothill Indian tribe had its given name for the chinook and its own legend about it. The Stoneys called it Kahdooza and believed it was the little blind daughter of the great southwind who lived in Castle Mountain (now Mount Eisenhower), twenty miles from Banff. Sometimes in winter the little wind stole out of her hiding place and blew through the mountain passes down onto the frozen flatlands, bringing an unseasonable spring.

The meteorologist requires a more prosaic explanation for the location and frequency of the chinook.

He's found it in the passage of low-pressure centres across the province from west to east. These centres, or "lows" as they're called, are systems of air circulation like whirlpools. Their low pressure is a warning of storms and bad weather. Around them in a counter-clockwise direction wheel strong winds that split off to stream across the mountains south of the pressure centre.

Regularly during the winter, sporadically during the summer, such lows move in from the Pacific and across the prairies north of Calgary. Always, south of them, a wind uncoils across the Rockies.

When it drops down the eastern slopes the chinook may not be strong enough to push away the air at the ground. Then it may remain locked in the passes or skip aloft and pass ineffectually a few hundred feet overhead. On one occasion at least this phenomenon provided a startling chinook incident.

In January 1950 the captain of a TCA airliner was approaching Calgary at about eleven hundred feet. The thermometer on his instrument panel showed an outside temperature of eight degrees below zero. A slight updraft carried the plane up seventy-five feet. The pilot noticed that the thermometer registered fifty-three above. Startled, he dropped down again. The thermometer plummeted to eight below; he climbed and it rose to fifty-three. He checked twice more and the result was the same: a spread of sixty-one degrees in only seventy-five feet. He had been flying just under an overpassing chinook.

Sometimes pockets of icy air lie in small valleys while the higher levels are bathed in warmth. These can be a serious driving hazard: at least one fatal traffic accident has occurred when the windshield of a car suddenly plunging into such a pocket has frosted over completely, blinding the driver.

As the chinook advances eastward it picks up moisture quickly and by the time it's into Saskatchewan it can no longer be called a true chinook.

Though study and observation have helped the meteorologist lick the problem of predicting chinooks he can still be fooled. Strong ground winds from other directions can dissipate the chinook or shoulder it up to pass overhead. However, the forecaster usually promises a chinook if he sees a low on his weather map heading eastward with a path north of Calgary.

Most amateur weathermen rely on a less certain but more spectacular harbinger: the chinook arch. The arch takes the form of a great bank of clouds just east of the Rockies and parallel to them. The solid underedge curves gently down toward the horizon at

either end and below it shines an incredible lens of clear sky.

The cloud bank forms at the height at which the chinook clears the mountains—about two miles up—and all along the front where the stream of air peels abruptly downward. At sunset the arch can be beautiful. The cloud bank closes in toward the west like a quilted vault of smoky blue. The tattered clouds clinging to its leading edge are stippled with rose and the shallow arc of the lower edge is paved with gold. Beyond lies translucent green sky like the daylight backdrop to a gloomy stageset.

It's a sign that the chinook is already pouring down the mountains into the passes.

Soon, in the night while the frost deepens, a sudden gust of warm wind will toss up a spindrift of powdered snow and set the branches clicking.

Then, like the opening of a sluice, the chinook floods in. On a ranch near Lethbridge a cow throws up her head and bawls; in town hotels travelers toss in their beds. The chinook is heralded by a sudden drop in pressure and newcomers are often bothered by a snapping in their ears. By morning the machinery in Calgary refrigeration plants is slugging full speed to offset the forty degree temperature rise.

If the chinook lasts out the week it will bring out the gophers and rattlesnakes to sun in front of their holes. It even lured a black bear from his den in Waterton Lakes National Park last February. Sparrows start strutting like roosters in the false spring, and the cattle, put out to forage on the newly bared bunch grass, mill for a time and then turn to drift slowly east in front of the wind.

The wind blows steadily. It flattens itself against naked sidings, lifts and frets the overhanging street signs, plucks at flaking scales of paint and throws itself joyously on trash cans, sending them bowling down the street. A healthy chinook is a forty-mile-an-hour wind, but an eighty-mile chinook is by no means unusual.

With the chinook as a yardstick the westerner is exacting in his definition of a real wind. An easterner visiting Macleod saw hanging from a tree, a heavy logging chain with fat iron links. He was told, "That's how we measure the wind. That chain, when she rattles it's a breeze. When she swings it's blowing a bit. But when she lays out flat that sir, is a wind."

When there's snow on the ground the chinook can roll it into snowballs, and when the ground's bare it will scoop up dust and dash it in every direction. A few years ago a car parked on the east side of a graveled area near Lethbridge had half its paint sandblasted off by a sudden chinook. More than one householder has helplessly watched a chinook do an unscheduled stucco job on a freshly painted exterior.

But, points out Dean Smith, the bulky sandy-haired officer in charge of the Dominion Weather Office at Edmonton, such damage is infrequent. The chinook, though a strong wind, is a steady one. It's not like the hurricane, which can leap in an instant from zero to forty miles an hour. Vicious gusts like that will rip off a roof or flatten an outbuilding with one swipe. So, though the hurricane is a mere seventy-five-mile wind and Smith has clocked chinooks at ninety-seven miles an hour, he claims the chinook isn't generally destructive.

Smith, together with another Dominion meteorologist, Clarence Thompson, spent eight years at the Lethbridge forecast office studying the chinook and they both speak of it with affection. "It's a tease," says Thompson. "It's high-spirited but it isn't spiteful."

GREAT MINDS THINK ALIKE

By Harry Mace



"Oh, what I heard about you!"

"Besides," he adds, "it can't blow anything away in Lethbridge. Everything's either nailed down or blown away long ago."

Both Smith and Thompson, like many another westerner, have remarked on the curiously unsettling psychological effect of the chinook. A restlessness of mind seems to match the restlessness of the air. It's not just the noise, though the warm drowning rush of wind is counterpointed by the clamorous beating together of branches and the slap of loose tar paper at the eaves.

When the chinook comes in January or February it brings a distilled spring fever, a kind of sweet unquiet that plucks at you with more insistence because it comes suddenly and unseasonably.

In Europe, where they are sophisticated about these things, the foehn wind of the Alps—the chinook's cousin—is blamed for everything: laziness, melancholia, aches and pains, insanity. The University of Munich postpones important examinations if the foehn descends suddenly and the law courts rule leniently. The low barometric pressures affect rheumatics and cardinals and unsettle mental patients. It is sometimes called an *Aspirationswind*—a wind of longing.

In Alberta, though, the chinook might more properly be called a wind of promise. The farmer and the rancher look for it anxiously for it brings them prosperity and a timely chinook can stave off ruin. It bares thousands of square miles for winter pasture on the eastern slopes of the Rockies when the cost of feeding cattle and horses in the barns would be prohibitive.

The failure of the chinook in the winter of 1906-7 brought starvation to thousands of cattle who were found dead with their faces worn raw from trying to forage for food in the drifts. In 1927 a rancher named C. F. Sykes described another bad winter in Alberta when the temperature went to fifty-two below and stayed there:

Our main bunch of horses were on pasture four miles from home when the blizzard struck. In an ordinary winter they would have been able to forage for themselves and grow fat

... When the snow finally cleared, dead horses were to be found, with manes and tails eaten off by their starving companions, lying in every sheltered corner... And then almost as suddenly as it had commenced, the siege was raised; the snow vanished like magic, grass coming up green and fresh as fast as it had disappeared. Horses that had seemed about to die fattened overnight.

Chinooks lengthen the Alberta growing season by an average of three weeks a year—making possible the twelve-million-dollar sugar-beet industry in the south of the province and the half-million-dollar crop of vegetables for canning.

But when the chinook comes in the summer—though it often brings cooler air from the Pacific—its dryness can be a bane. In a region where the year's rainfall is seldom more than twenty inches the parching west wind can keep it down to twelve inches or even seven. That's the difference between forty bushels of wheat to the acre and five or six.

In the summer months the chinook can rip up topsoil until the dust in the air is stifling. In the fall of 1949 nearly two inches of soil were blown off by the wind in some places; and the following April more thousands of acres were piled up in sterile dunes in the fence corners.

Irrigation and scientific farming methods—strip planting, trash covers for the soil, and shallow plowing—offer some solution to the problem.

Fortunately chinooks are less frequent in the summer. It's the regular and spectacular snow eater that Ernie King thinks of when he says, "Yes sir, the chinook's a nice thing to have."

King, a retired clothier who came to Alberta sixty-five years ago, likes to sit in the lobby of the Palliser Hotel in Calgary yarning with other old-timers. Vaguely Dickensian in his neat blue suit and derby he is, nevertheless, a genuine westerner and he's currently worried because in the last two or three years the chinooks have been weak, short-lived and irregular. King remembers when Christmas baseball games and road races could be scheduled regularly because of the unfailing chinook. He's convinced the climate is changing.

It's true that since the winter of 1949-50 the weather has been unusual. Sub-zero cold snaps have lasted for weeks and brief chinooks have been canceled by blizzards from the north. Last fall freeze-up came so early that a third of Alberta's grain crop was caught in the fields and section after section of snowy hillocks marked the unharvested stocks all winter.

Even the weathermen are at a loss to explain the change. Dean Smith, the Dominion meteorologist, admits, "We'd be famous if we knew the explanation for the cold weather." All they can do is hope it won't last.

If the people of the chinook belt were ever to learn they could no longer count on the snow eater the effect would go deep—deeper than economic insecurity. There'd be a subtle fracture in morale and in the lavish zest with which they greet the rigors of the hardest winter and the hottest summer. The chinook means respite, and hope.

The Chinook Indian, who gave his name to the wind, used a patois invented in the nineteenth century by priests and traders who were dealing with the natives. Roughly two parts Indian to one part of French and English, it was based on barely four hundred words combined with the drama and rough poetry of good slang. In Chinook, stars were "but-tens," and American was "a Boston" and truth was "straight talk." The words for death were "no wind." ★



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BRADING'S

The Firing Squad

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

faces turned from the sun, awaiting the stabbing scorn of their sergeant with spent indifference. But they all spat out the clogging dust, and cursed the officer who led them.

Farther up the hillside this man ran with the gait of an athlete pushing himself to the limit of endurance. Head down he ran doggedly through the dust and the heat; he ran as though trying to outdistance some merciless pursuer. His eyes were shut tight and he was inhaling from an almost empty reservoir of breath. Captain John Adam was going to run up that mountainside until he could run no more. He was running from last night, and all the nights which still lay ahead. He was running from his own sick self.

Then, almost at the halfway mark, he aimed himself at a patch of bush underneath the cliff and smashed into it headlong. He lay quite still; he had achieved exhaustion: the closest condition to forgetfulness he could ever find.

For Captain John Adam found it unbearable to live with himself and with his future. He had lost his manhood. As an infantry company commander he had drawn daily strength and sustenance from the respect of his fellow fighting men. They knew him as a brave leader, a compassionate man. He had been granted the trust and friendship of men when it is all they have left to give, and this he knew to be the ultimate gift, the highest good. And then, one sun-filled morning, he had forfeited these things for ever. He had cracked wide open; he had cried his fear and panic to the world; he had run screaming from the battle, through the ranks of his white-faced men. He had been sent back here to Volpone in unexpressed disgrace while the authorities decided what to do with him.

Now Captain John Adam rolled over. There was always some supremely unimportant next matter which had to be decided. He lighted a cigarette and gave his whole attention to the small column of climbing smoke. Well, he would sit here until Sergeant Konzuk whipped this miserable, straggling pack up to him, and then he would reveal their next phase of training.

He stood up, a tall young man, looking brisk and competent. His sun-browned face, his blue eyes, the power of his easy movements, even the cigarette dangling negligently from his lips, all seemed to proclaim that here was the ideal young infantry officer.

"Sergeant Konzuk," Captain Adam called now. "Get these men the hell back to barracks, and leave me alone here!"

The sergeant did not look surprised. He was used to such things by now, and this was no officer to argue with. Sure, he'd take them back to barracks, and let Adam do his own explaining. "All right, you guys—on your feet!" said Konzuk. It was no skin to him.

IT WAS late afternoon by the time he had smoked the last of his cigarettes and Adam came down from the mountain. Striding through the camp he frowned with displeasure when he saw the hulking form of Padre Dixon planted squarely in his path. Normally, he knew, he would have liked this big chaplain. There was a sense of inner calm, of repose and reliability about Padre Dixon. Although in his early fifties he had served with devoted competence as chaplain to an infantry battalion. But Adam considered himself to be an outcast, no longer holding any claims upon the men who did the fighting: the men who still owned their

self-respect. He made a point of refusing the friendliness which this big man was trying to offer.

"Mind if I walk along with you, son?" Adam was forced to stop while the Padre knocked his pipe against his boot.

The two men walked on together through the dusk, picking their way between the huts and the barrack blocks. As they neared the officers' mess the Padre stopped and his fingers gripped Adam's arm. He pointed to a small grey hut just within the barbed-wire of the camp entrance. "That's where poor Jones is waiting out his time," the Padre said.

"Well?"

The Padre shrugged and seemed busy with his pipe. "No matter what he's done he's a brave boy, and he's in a dreadful position now."

"He won't be shot." Adam repeated the general feeling of the camp without real interest. "They'll never confirm the sentence."

The Padre looked him directly in the face. "Adam," he said. "It has been confirmed. He is going to be executed!"

"No!" Adam breathed his disbelief aloud. He was truly shocked, and for this instant his own sick plight was forgotten. This other thing seemed so—improper. That a group of Canadians could come together in this alien land for the purpose of destroying one of their own kind . . . And every day, up at the battle, every effort was being made to save life; there were so few of them in Italy, and so pitifully many were being killed every day. This thing was simply—not right.

His eyes sought for the Padre's. "But why?" he asked, with a kind of hurt in his voice. "Tell me—why?"

"The boy's guilty, after all."

"Technically—he was only a witness. And even if he is guilty, do you think this thing is right?"

The Padre could not ignore the urgency in Adam's voice. He spoke at last with unaccustomed sharpness. "No," he said. "It may be something that has to be done—but it will never be right."

The two men looked at one another in the gathering Italian night. For a moment their thoughts seemed to merge and flow together down the same pulsing stream. But then a new idea came to Adam. "Padre," he said. "Why are you telling me about this?"

Then they both saw the figure running toward them from the officers'

mess. It was Ramsay, the ever-flurried, ever-flustered Camp Adjutant. He panted to a stop in front of them. "Adam," he gasped out. "The Brigadier wants you at once!"

BRIGADIER Benny Hatfield waited patiently in his office. He liked to feed any new or disturbing thoughts through the mill of his mind until the gloss of familiarity made them less troublesome. Early in his career he had discovered that the calibre of his mind was not sufficiently large for the rank he aspired to, and so deliberately he had cultivated other qualities which would achieve the same end. He emphasized an air of outspoken bluntness, his physical toughness, a presumed knowledge of the way the "troops" thought, and his ability to work like a horse. Indeed the impression he sometimes conveyed was that of a grizzled war horse, fanatic about good soldiering, but with it all intensely loyal, and a very good fellow. His appearance served to support this role: there was something horselike in the wide grin that lifted his straggling mustache, a grin that proved how affable and immensely approachable he really was.

Now he sat and considered his interview with General Vincent. He understood his superior's unexpressed motives perfectly well: it was a straight question of passing the buck and he intended staying up all night looking after his own interests. This execution was a simple matter of military discipline, after all, and he would ensure that it was carried out in such a way that no possible discredit could reflect on himself. The General, he believed, had made an intelligent choice, and he had an equally good selection of his own in mind. The file of Captain John Adam lay open on his desk.

The Brigadier sat up straight. Ramsay was ushering Captain Adam into his presence.

This was the interview Adam had dreaded since his arrival at the reinforcement base. But he showed no sign now of the sickness and fear that gnawed inside him. He stood at attention while the Brigadier leafed through the file before him.

The Brigadier looked up at last. "Well," he stated. "Captain John Adam." His eyes bored steadily at Adam's face and he waited in silence. He knew that in a moment his un-



"Sometimes I wish she'd never joined the high-school drama club."

wavering stare would force some betrayal of guilt or inferiority. He waited and at last he was rewarded: the sweat swelled on Adam's forehead, and the man before him felt it essential to break the intolerable silence. "Yes, sir," Adam had to say.

The Brigadier stood up then. "Well," he said again. "It can't be as bad as all that, can it, boy?" His mouth lifted the straggling mustache in a grimace of affability, and despite himself Adam felt a small rush of gratitude.

But then the smile died. "It does not please me," the Brigadier said coldly, "to receive the worst possible reports about you." He consulted the notes on his desk. "You have been AWL twice; there is some question of a jeep you took without permission; and my officers say that you act with no sense of responsibility."

The Brigadier was frowning, his lips pursed. His glance bored steadily at Adam. But then there was a sudden transformation. His smile was reborn in new and fuller glory. "Sit down, boy," he urged. He clapped Adam on the shoulder and guided him into the chair beside his desk.

The Brigadier hitched forward in his seat. Now there was a warmth of friendly concern in his voice. "Adam, boy," he said. "We know none of that piddling stuff matters. However—you have read this report from Colonel Dodd?"

It was a needless question. Adam knew the report by memory. It was an "adverse" report: it was the reason why he was back here at Volpone. That piece of paper was his doom. "Not fit to command men in action," it read; "not suitable material for the field." And Colonel Dodd had phrased it as gently as possible; in his own presence he had written it down with pity on his face.

With ungoverned ease his mind slipped back to that sun-filled morning on the Hitler Line. They were walking through a meadow—slowly, for there were Schu mines in the grass—and they moved toward a hidden place of horror: a line of dug-in tank turrets, and mine-strewn belts of wire. And then the earth suddenly erupted with shell and mortar bursts; they floundered in a beaten zone of observed machine-gun fire. A few men got as far as the wire, but none of them lived. There was a regrouping close to the start line, and Adam was ordered to attack again.

The first symptom he noticed was that his body responded to his mind's orders several seconds too late. He became worried at this time lag, the fact that his mind and body seemed about to divide, to assume their own separate identities. Then the air bursts shook the world; no hole in the ground was shelter from the rain of deafening black explosions in the sky above them. Then he remembered the terrible instant that the separation became complete, that he got up and shouted his shame to the world. He got up from his ditch, and he ran blubbering like a baby through his white-faced men. And some of his men followed him, back into the arms of Colonel Dodd.

"Yes," Adam said now, his face white. "I've read the report."

Brigadier Hatfield spoke softly. "If that report goes forward from here you'll be in a bad way—at least returned to Canada for Adjutant General's disposal, some second-rate kind of discharge, the reputation always clinging to you . . ." The Brigadier shook his head. "That would be a pity."

If the report goes forward . . . A pulse of excitement beat in Adam's throat. What did he mean—was there

any possibility that the report could be stopped here, that in the eyes of the world he could retain some shreds of self-respect? Adam's breath came faster; he sat up straight.

"Adam!" The Brigadier pounded a fist upon his desk. "I have confidence in you. Of all the officers under my command I have selected you for a mission of the highest importance."

Adam blinked his disbelief, but the hope swelled strong inside him.

"Yes," the Brigadier said steadily. "You are to command the firing squad for the execution of Private Jones!"

Adam blinked again and he turned his head away. For a moment he was weak with nausea the flood of shame was so sour inside him. "No," he heard his voice saying. "I can't do it."

The Brigadier's smile grew broader, and he spoke with soft assurance. "But you can, my boy. But you can." And the Brigadier told him how.

It was all very neatly contrived. Adam had his choice, of course. On the one hand he could choose routine disposal of his case by higher authorities. Colonel Dodd's report, together with Brigadier Hatfield's own state-

ment, would ensure an outcome which, as the Brigadier described it, would cause "deep shame to his family and friends," and Adam was sure of that. On the other hand if he performed this necessary act of duty, this simple military function, then Colonel Dodd's report would be destroyed. He could return to Canada as soon as he desired, bearing Brigadier Hatfield's highest recommendations.

The Brigadier went on to say that the man Jones was a convicted murderer—that Adam should have no scruples on that score; that he relied on

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his known ability to handle men under difficult circumstances . . .

Adam listened and each soft word seemed to add to his degradation. This was where the Hitler Line had brought him; this was the inevitable consequence of his lost manhood.

The Brigadier's voice was kindly; his words flowed endlessly like a soft stream of liquid. Then the voice paused. "Of course," the Brigadier said, "it is a task for a determined and courageous man." His glance darted over Adam's bent head and flickered around the room.

Adam broke the silence at last. He spoke without looking up. "All right," he said. "I'll do it."

The Brigadier's response was quick and warm. "Good," he said. "Good fellow!" His smile was almost caressing. But to Adam that smile seemed to spread across the horselike face like a stain. The small office and the space between the two men was suddenly close and unbearably warm.

"One more thing, Adam." The Brigadier spoke with soft emphasis. "The members of the firing squad can be detailed later, but your sergeant must be a first-rate man, and—it is most desirable that he be a volunteer. Do you understand?"

Adam forced himself to nod.

The Brigadier stared directly in Adam's face. His voice now rang with the steel of command. "All right," he said. "Bring me the sergeant's name and a draft of your parade orders by 1100 hours tomorrow. Any questions?"

"No, sir," Adam stood up.

"Good boy. Get to it, and remember—I'm relying on you."

"Yes, sir."

The Brigadier leaned back and allowed the smile to possess his face. He had selected exactly the right man for this delicate job: a man of competence, who was bound to carry the thing through to its final conclusion.

BY NEXT morning the news had Braced to every Canadian in Italy. At the battle up north men heard about this execution with a dull kind of wonder. Advancing into the attack it was brought to them like bad news in a letter from home; they looked at each other uneasily, or they laughed and turned away. It was not the death of one man back in a place called Volpone that mattered. It was simply that up here they measured and counted their own existence so dear that an unnecessary death, a planned death of one of their own fellows seemed somehow shameful. It made them sour and restless as they checked their weapon and ammunition loads.

In the camp at Volpone it was the sole topic of conversation. All officers had been instructed by Brigadier Hatfield to explain to the men that the prisoner, Jones, had been convicted of murder, and therefore had to pay the penalty that the law demanded. But the law was not clear to these men: from their own close knowledge of sudden death they did not understand how a man could commit a murder without lifting a weapon. And those who had seen Private Sydney Jones could not picture that harmless boy as a murderer. Still, the officers went to great pains to explain the legal point involved.

It was soon known that the news had reached the prisoner also, although, to be sure, it did not seem to have changed his routine in the least. All his waking hours were busied with an intense display of military activity. The guard sergeant reported that he made and remade his bed several times a day, working earnestly to achieve the neatest possible tuck of his blanket. The floor was swept five times a day

and scrubbed at least once. His battle-dress was ironed to knife-edge exactitude, and his regimental flashes resewn to his tunic as though the smartest possible fit at the shoulder was always just eluding him. At times he would glance at the stack of magazines the Padre brought him, but these were thrown aside as soon as a visitor entered his room. Private Jones would spring to a quivering erect position of attention; he would respond to questions with a quick, cheerful smile. He was the embodiment of the keen, alert and well turned-out private soldier.

The truth was, of course, that Private Jones was a somewhat pliable young man who was desperately anxious to please. He was intent on proving himself such a good soldier that the generals would take note and approve, and never do anything very bad to him. The idea that some of his fellow soldiers might take him out and shoot him was a terrible abstraction, quite beyond his imagination. Consequently Private Jones did not believe in the possibility of his own execution. Even when the Padre came and tried to prepare him Private Jones simply jumped eagerly to attention, polished boots

ON GOSSIPING

We righteous people realize

This practice is a type of sin.

It's something each of us decries —
And frequently engages in.

RICHARD WHEELER

glittering, and rattled off, head high: "Yes, sir. Very good, sir."

A surprising amount of administrative detail is required to arrange an execution. The Brigadier was drawing up an elaborate operation order, with each phase to be checked and double-checked. There were the official witness, the medical officers, the chaplain, the guards, the firing squad, of course; and the conveyance and placing of all these to the proper spot at the right time.

BUT Captain Adam's first problem was more serious than any of this: his first attempts to recruit the sergeant for his firing squad met with utter failure. After conferring with the Brigadier he decided upon a new approach, and he went in search of Sergeant Konzuk.

The sergeant was lying at ease on his bed reading a magazine. When Adam came in Konzuk scowled. He swung his boots over the side of the bed and he crossed his thick arms over his chest.

Adam wasted no time. "Konzuk," he said. "I want you as sergeant of the firing squad."

The sergeant laughed rudely.

"Never mind that," Adam said. "Wait till you hear about this deal."

"Look," Sergeant Konzuk said. He stood up and his eyes were angry on Adam's face. "I done my share of killing. Those that like it can do this job."

Adam's tone did not change. "You're married, Konzuk. You've a wife and two kids. Well, you can be back in Winnipeg within the month."

Konzuk's mouth opened; his eyes were wide. His face showed all the wild thoughts thronging through his mind. The sergeant had left Canada in 1940; his wife wrote him one laborious letter a month. But his frown returned and his fists were clenched.

"Look," Konzuk said, fumbling with

his words. "This kid's one of us—see. It ain't right!"

"Winnipeg—within the month."

Konzuk's eyes shifted and at last his glance settled on the floor. "All right," he said, after a moment. "All right, I'll do it."

"Good." Adam sought for and held the sergeant's eyes. "And remember this, Konzuk—that 'kid' is a murderer!"

"Yes, sir."

Then they sat down together. Adam found no satisfaction in his victory, in the full obedience he now commanded. Sitting on the iron bed in Konzuk's room they spoke in lowered voices, and Adam felt as though they were conspiring together to commit some obscene act.

The ten members of the firing squad were detailed the same day. Adam and Konzuk prepared the list of names and brought the group to be interviewed by Brigadier Hatfield in his office. And after that Sergeant Konzuk had a quiet talk with each man. Adam did not ask what the sergeant said; he was satisfied that none of the men came to him to protest.

Adam found his time fully occupied. He had installed his ten men in a separate hut of their own; there were some drill movements to be practiced; and Sergeant Konzuk was drawing new uniforms from the quartermaster's stores. Ten new rifles had also been issued.

CCROSSING the parade square that night he encountered Padre Dixon, and he realized that this man had been avoiding him during the past two days. "Padre," he called out. "I want to talk to you."

The Padre waited. His big face showed no expression.

"Padre—will you give me your advice?"

The Padre's glance was cold. "Why?" he asked. "It won't change anything."

And looking into that set face Adam saw that the Padre was regarding him with a dislike he made no attempt to conceal. He flushed. He had not expected this. Only days ago this man had been trying to help him.

His anger slipped forward. "What's the matter, Padre—you feeling sorry for the boy-murderer?"

Adam regretted his words at once; indeed he was shocked that he could have said them. The Padre turned his back and started away.

Adam caught at his arm. "Ah, no," he said. "I didn't mean that, Padre—is what I'm doing so awful, after all?"

"You've made your choice. Let it go at that."

"But—my duty . . ." Adam felt shame as he used the word.

The Padre stood with folded arms. "Listen," he said. "I told you before: no matter how necessary this thing is it will never be right!"

Adam was silent. Then he reached out his hand again. "Padre," he said in a low voice. "Is there no way it can be stopped?"

The Padre sighed. "The train has been set in motion," he said. "Once it could have been stopped—in Ottawa—but now . . ." He shrugged. He looked at Adam searchingly and he seemed to reflect. "There might be one way—." After a moment he blinked and looked away. "But no—that will never come to pass. I suppose I should wish you good luck," he said. "Good night, Adam."

That meeting made Adam wonder how his fellow officers regarded him. In the officers' mess that night he looked about him and found out. Silence descended when he approached a group and slowly its members would drift away; there was a cleared circle

around whichever chair he sat in. Even the barman seemed to avoid his glance.

All right, Adam decided then, and from the bar he looked murderously around the room. All right, he would stick by Benny Hatfield—the two of them, at least, knew what duty and soldiering was! Why, what was he doing that was so awful? He was simply commanding a firing squad to execute a soldier who had committed a murder. That's all—he was commanding a firing squad; he was, he was—an executioner!

His glass crashed to the floor. Through all the soft words exchanged with Brigadier Hatfield, all the concealing echelons of military speech, the pitiless truth now leaped out at him. He was an executioner. Captain John Adam made a noise in his throat, and the faces of the other men in the room went white.

When he left the mess some instinct led him toward the small grey hut standing at the camp entrance. Through the board walls of that hut he could see his victim, Jones, living out his allotted time, while he, Adam the executioner, walked implacably close by. The new concept of victim and executioner seized and threatened to suffocate him.

His eyes strained at the Italian stars in their dark-blue heaven. How had it happened? Only days ago he had regarded the possibility of this execution with horror, as something vile. But now he stood in the front rank of those who were pushing it forward with all vigor. For an instant his mind flamed with the thought of asking Brigadier Hatfield to release him, but at once the fire flickered out, hopelessly. That night John Adam stayed in his room with the light burning. He tried to pray.

BRIGADIER Hatfield had the most brilliant inspiration of his career: The place of execution would be changed to Rome! There was ample justification, of course, since the effect on the troops' morale at Volpone would be bad to say the least. No one could dispute this, and all the while the Brigadier relished in imagination the face of General Vincent when he found the affair brought back to his own doorstep. It only showed that a regular soldier could still teach these civilian generals a thing or two!

The Brigadier was in high good humor as he presided at the conference to discuss this change. All the participants were present, including one newcomer, an officer from the Provost Corps, introduced as Colonel McGuire. This colonel said nothing, but nodded his head in agreement with the Brigadier's points. His eyes roamed restlessly from face to face and his cold glance seemed to strip bare the abilities of every person in the room.

Colonel McGuire, the Brigadier announced, had been instrumental in finding the ideal place for the affair. It was a former Fascist barracks on the outskirts of Rome, and all the—ah, facilities—were readily available. Everyone taking part, and he trusted that each officer was now thoroughly familiar with his duties, would move by convoy to Rome that very afternoon. The execution—here he paused for a solemn moment—the execution would take place at 0800 hours tomorrow morning. Any questions? No? Thank you, gentlemen.

Adam was moving away when the Brigadier stopped him. "John," he called. He had slipped into the habit of using his first name now. "I want you to meet Colonel McGuire."

They shook hands and Adam flushed



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under the chill exposure of those probing eyes. After a moment the Colonel's glance dropped; he had seen sufficient. As Adam moved off to warn his men for the move he felt those cold eyes following him to the door, and beyond.

ADAM KEPT his eyes closed while Sergeant Konzuk drove. In the back of the jeep Padre Dixon had not spoken since the convoy was marshaled; it was clear that these were not the traveling companions of his choice.

Although Adam would not look all his awareness was centred on a closed three-ton truck which lumbered along in the middle of the convoy. The condemned man and his guards rode inside that vehicle.

The concept of victim and executioner filled Adam's mind to the exclusion of all else. He had tried throwing the blame back to the comfortable politicians sitting at their polished table in Ottawa, but it was no use. He knew that it was *his* voice that would issue the last command. He was the executioner . . . Then another thought came to torment him without mercy: How did his victim, Jones, feel now?

They stopped for ten minutes outside a hilltop town, where pink villas glinted among the green of olive trees. Adam followed Padre Dixon to the place where he sat in an orchard. The Padre looked up at him wearily.

"How is he taking it?" Adam demanded at once.

The Padre scrambled to his feet. His eyes flashed with anger. "Who? The boy-murderer?"

"Please, Padre—I've got to know!"

The Padre stared at Adam's drawn face. Then he passed a hand across his eyes. "Adam—forgive me. I know it's a terrible thing for you. If it makes it any easier . . . well, Jones is brave; he's smiling and polite, and that's all. But Adam—the boy still doesn't understand. He doesn't believe that it's really going to happen!" The Padre's voice shook with his agitation.

Adam nodded his head. "That other time, Padre—you said there might be a way of stopping it—"

"No, forget that—it's too late." The spluttering cough of motorcycles roared between them. "Come. It is time to go." And the Padre laid his hand on Adam's arm.

ADAM and Konzuk stood on the hard tarmac and surveyed the site gloomily. The place they had come to inspect was a U-shaped space cut out of the forest. The base of the U was a red-brick wall, and down each side marched a precise green line of cypresses. The wall was bullet-pocked because this place had been used as a firing range, although imagination balked at what some of the targets must have been. On the right wing of the U a small wooden grandstand was set in front of the cypresses. Adam looked around at all this, and then his gaze moved over the trees and up to the pitilessly blue sky above. "All right, Konzuk," he said. "You check things over." And he went away to be alone.

Adam was lying on his bed in the darkness. His eyes were wide open but he made no move when he saw the Padre's big form stumble into his room. Then the Padre stood over his bed, eyes groping for him. He was breathing loudly.

"Adam—he wants to see you!"

"No!"

"You must!"

"I couldn't!" Now Adam sat up in bed. His battle-dress tunic was crumpled. His face was protected by

the dark, but his voice was naked. "No, Padre," he pleaded. "I couldn't."

"Look, son—it's your job. You've no choice. Do you understand?" There was silence. Adam made a noise in the darkness which seemed to take all the breath from his body.

"Yes, I understand." He was fumbling for his belt and cap in the dark.

"Padre—what time is it?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"Eight hours."

"Yes."

"Well. Good-by, Padre."

"Good-by, son."

THE Provost Sergeant came to attention and saluted. His face was stiff but he could not keep the flicker of curiosity from his eyes. Adam saw that this was a real prison: concrete flooring, steel doors and iron bars. They stood in what seemed to be a large brightly lit guardroom. A card game had been taking place, and there were coffee mugs, but the guards stood now at respectful attention.

"Where is he?" Adam turned to the Sergeant.

A dark-haired young man stepped from among the group of guards. A smartly dressed soldier, clean and good-looking in his freshly pressed battle-dress. "Here I am, sir," the young man said.

Adam took a step back; he flashed a glance at the door.

The Sergeant spoke then, apologetically. "He wanted company, sir. I thought it would be all right."

"It was good of you to come, sir." This was Private Jones speaking for his attention.

Adam forced himself to return the glance. "Yes," he said. "I mean—it's no trouble. I—I was glad to."

The two men looked one another in the face, perhaps surprised to find how close they were in years. Jones' smile was friendly. He was like a host easing the embarrassment of his guest. "Would you like to sit down, sir?"

"Yes. Oh, yes."

They sat in Jones' cell, on opposite sides of a small table. Because he had to Adam held his eyes on the prisoner's face and now he could see the thin lines of tension spreading from the eyes and at the mouth. It was certain that Jones *now* believed in the truth of his own death, and he carried this fact with quiet dignity. Adam was gripped by a passion of adoration for this boy; he would have done anything for him—he who was his executioner.

"It was good of you to come," Private Jones said again. "I have a request."

Surely, Adam thought, it took more courage to act as Jones did now than to advance through that meadow to the Hitler Line . . .

"Well, sir," Jones went on, his face set. "I'm ready to take—tomorrow morning. But one thing worries me: I don't want you and the other boys to feel bad about this. I thought it might help if I shook hands with all the boys before—before it happens."

Adam looked down at the concrete floor. This was worse than a thousand Hitler Lines; he *knew now* he would be able to go back there anytime. A dim electric-light bulb hung from the ceiling and swayed hypnotically between them. Well, he had to say something. The thing was impossible, of course; he'd never get his men to fire if they shook hands first.

But Jones read the working of his face. "Never mind, sir—maybe you'd just give them that message for me—"

"I will, Jones. I will!"

He stood up; he could not stay here another moment.

Jones said, "Maybe—you would shake hands with me?"

Adam stood utterly still. His voice came out as a whisper in that small space. "Jones," he said, "I was going to ask you if I could."

When he came back to the guard-room Adam looked ill. The Provost Sergeant took his arm and walked him back to his quarters.

IT WAS a softly fragrant Italian morning. The dew was still fresh on the grass and a light ground mist rolled away before the heat of the climbing sun. In the forest clearing the neat groups of soldiers looked clean and compact in their khaki battle-dress with the bright regimental flashes gleaming at their shoulders.

The firing squad stood "at ease," but with not the least stir or motion. Sergeant Konzuk was on their right; Captain Adam stood several paces apart at the left, aligned at right angles to his ten-man rank. The grandstand was filled with a small group of official witnesses. A cordon of military policemen stayed at rigid attention along the top and down each side of the U.

In front of the grandstand stood Brigadier Benny Hatfield, an erect military figure, his stern eye ranging



with satisfaction around the precise groupings and arrangements he had ordered. A step behind the Brigadier was Ramsay, his adjutant; then Padre Dixon, and the chief medical officer. The assembly was complete—except for one man.

Somewhere in the background a steel door clanged, a noise which no one affected to hear. Then there came the sound of rapid marching. Three military figures came into view and halted smartly in front of Brigadier Hatfield. Private Jones, hatless, stood in the centre, a provost sergeant on each side. The boy's lips were white, his cheeks lacked color, but he held his head high, his hands were pressed tight against the seams of his battle-dress trousers. It was impossible not to notice the brilliant shine of his polished boots as they glittered in the morning sun.

Brigadier Hatfield took a paper from Ramsay's extended hand. He read some words from it but his voice came as an indistinct mumble in the morning air. The Brigadier was in a hurry. Everyone was in a hurry; every person there suffered an agony of haste. Each body strained and each mind willed: Go! Go! Have this thing over and done with!

The Brigadier handed the paper back to Ramsay with a little gesture of finality. But the three men remained standing in front of him as though locked in their attitudes of attention. Seconds of silence ticked by. The Brigadier's hand sped up to his collar and he cleared his throat with violence. "Well, sergeant?" his voice rasped. "Carry on, man!"

"Yessir. Left turn—quick march!" The three men held the same brisk pace, marching in perfect step. The only sound was the thud of their heavy boots upon the tarmac. They passed the firing squad and halted at the red-brick wall. Then the escorting NCOs

seemed to disappear and Private Jones stood alone against his wall. A nervous little smile was fixed at the corners of his mouth.

Again there was silence. Adam had not looked at the marching men, nor did he now look at the wall. Head lowered, he frowned as he seemed to study the alignment of his ten men in a row. More seconds ticked by.

"Captain Adam!" It was a bellow from Brigadier Hatfield and it brought Adam's head up. Then his lips moved soundlessly, as though rehearsing what he had to say. "Squad," Captain Adam ordered, "Load!" Ten left feet banged forward on the tarmac, ten rifles hit in the left hand, ten bolts smashed open and shut in unison. Ten rounds were positioned in their chambers.

There were just two remaining orders: "Aim!" and "Fire!" and these should be issued immediately, almost as one. But at that moment a late rooster crowed somewhere and the call came clear and sweet through the morning air, full of rich promise for the summer's day which lay ahead.

Adam took his first glance at the condemned man. Jones' mouth still held hard to its smile, but his knees looked loose. His position of attention was faltering.

"Squad!" Adam ordered in a ringing voice, "Unload! Rest!" Ten rifles obeyed in perfect unison.

Adam turned half right so that he faced Brigadier Hatfield. "Sir," he called clearly. "I refuse to carry out this order!"

Every voice in that place joined in the sound which muttered across the tarmac.

The Brigadier's face was deathly white. He peered at Private Jones, still in position against the wall, knees getting looser. He had a split second to carry the thing through. "Colonel McGuire!" he shouted.

"Yes, sir!" McGuire came running toward the firing squad. He knew what had to be done, and quickly. The Brigadier's face had turned purple now; he appeared to be choking with the force of his rage. "Colonel McGuire," he shouted. "Place that officer under close arrest!"

"Sir?" McGuire stopped where he was and his mouth dropped open. Private Jones began to fall slowly against the wall. Then a rifle clattered loudly on the tarmac. Sergeant Konzuk was racing toward the wall and in an instant he had his big arms tight around Jones' body.

"McGuire!" The Brigadier's voice was a hoarse shriek now. "March the prisoner away!"

Padre Dixon stood rooted to the ground. His lips were moving and he stared blindly at Adam's stiffly erect figure. "He found the way!" he cried then in a ringing voice, and he moved about in triumph, although no one paid him attention. At his side Ramsay was spluttering out his own ecstasy of excitement: "Jones will get a reprieve after this! It will have to be referred to London, and then to Ottawa. And they'll never dare to put him through this again—"

Ramsay looked up as he felt the Padre's fingers bite into his shoulder. He laughed nervously. "Yes," he chattered on. "Jones may get a reprieve, but Adam's the one for sentencing now." He peered across the tarmac where Adam still stood alone, his face slightly lifted to the warmth of the morning sun. He looked at Adam's lone figure with fear and admiration. "Yes," he said, suddenly sobered. "God help Adam now."

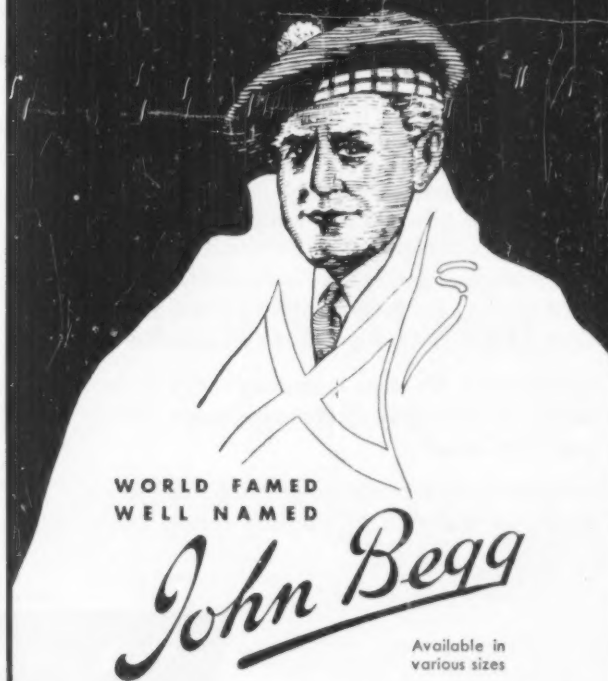
"Don't worry about that, son," said the Padre, starting to stride across the tarmac. "He already has." ★

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Is the Male Necessary?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

sitting, not his reluctance. And as a matter of fact cocks fight long and viciously among themselves for the privilege of taking on a flock of hens—nest, eggs and all.

The crown of broodiness among males as well as females must go to the emperor penguins. These, the greatest of all penguins, breed during the cold, black, midwinter hell of the Great Ice Barrier of the Antarctic continent. There the problem is not to lay sufficient eggs, but to hatch and rear enough of those that are laid. Every full-grown penguin in a colony, of whatever sex—for this is a matter of racial life and death and all must take a part—turns broody. All have a brood pouch at the base of the belly, where an egg can be pressed against the warm bare skin, and all have a passion to cuddle an egg or a chick, no matter who laid it in the first place. Even a stone or a lump of ice seems better than nothing. If a hen leaves her egg for any time at all the nearest penguin will snatch it and nurse it in a moment, even if the foster mother is a bachelor male. And so the emperors manage to survive in a sanctuary no one else could tolerate.

The Antarctic in midwinter is no place to conduct physiological investigations, and what actually goes on in emperor penguins can only be guessed at from what we know of other animals. All backboneed creatures, whether fish, birds or beasts, possess a pituitary gland lying just beneath the brain, which manufactures a number of hormones, the master chemicals of the body. One of them stimulates ovaries to produce eggs, and testes to produce sperm. Another puts a check upon the process and can also induce broodiness. In birds it is obvious that egg laying must cease before brooding begins and these two pituitary secretions determine that it happens this way. In mammals, injection of the broody hormone into a virgin rat will cause it to cuddle the young of another. All this suggests how the emperors manage—somehow the broody hormone is set free in the blood of both sexes, after the egg-laying period is over in the female. An excessive production of this hormone and a partial suppression of the other results in a few eggs being laid, but with a superabundant broodiness on the part of the parents.

Sometimes nature seems to realize her methods are not economical and does something to reduce the waste. Male scorpions will fight to the death for the right to drag off a seemingly gentle female to some secluded corner. But when mating is over and eggs are sure of impregnation the penalty for victory is paid. The female scorpion

stings her mate and eats him—effectively killing two birds with one stone, for she gets a good meal and cuts down competition for other food at the same time. Undoubtedly it's good for the race, for a large breeding female is worth her weight in eggs at any time, while an old male is no better than a young one, and males can be sacrificed with impunity. Most of them are expendable.

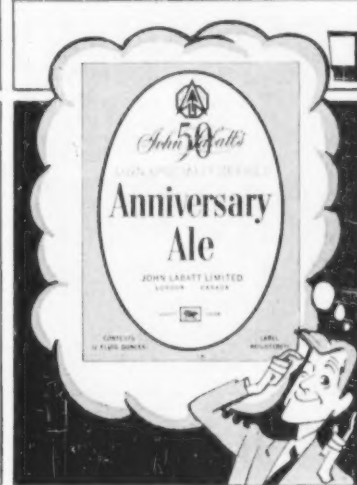
Females of most kinds of animals, apart from birds and mammals, produce eggs in numbers according to their size. A lobster in her first egg-laying season carries about nine thousand eggs. If she lives long enough she may bear as many as one hundred thousand at a time. It pays off in progeny to let the female live, but when it comes to males, even the smallest can produce spermatozoa by the million more than is needed. So nature, or whatever we want to call it, has developed many species in which the female is a giant and the male a pygmy. Male spiders are often minute imps that dash for their lives when the nuptial rites are over. As food consumers they hardly count at all.

Certain water snails have evolved a different system of keeping the male in his place. The females live three years, producing eggs each season; the males pass through their whole life cycle in a single spring and summer and have no time to grow too large, or to be around when they are not needed. A fresh crop of males is grown each year and nature's way of ensuring that they don't live beyond their allotted year is to make them over-sensitive to chilling or a touch of frost.

In the tropics winter is barely cooler than summer and freezing a surplus of males out of the community is hardly possible. But there is still another way of killing off surplus males. In Central and South America where insect life is free and unrestrained, excessive populations all too readily pile up. I am none too sure what good it really does, for they are probably destined for death before long in any case, but columns of butterflies, nearly always male, have often been seen flying out to sea far beyond the point of no return. Columbus and Darwin both reported them.

Occasionally males are dwarfed not so much to reduce their competitive consumption of food, as to keep them close to hand, to be at the right place at the right time. Finding a mate is generally a matter of traveling around and recognizing certain signs and symbols. In the deep, cold, black depths of the ocean, where no light can reach and nothing can be seen except occasional gleams produced by some animals themselves, finding a mate can be a desperate business. Yet a little fish, one of the fishing-frog kind, has found a neat solution. The male starts life in the usual fishing-frog way, like any normal fish. But the moment he meets a female, and the chances are against his ever doing so, he takes a good bite wherever he can and holds on for ever after. From then on he slowly loses his head, literally and completely, and becomes a parasite imbedded in the flesh of his mate. A single female may have several headless parasitic males growing tail outward from her forehead or anywhere along her body, ready to fertilize eggs whenever she has to shed them.

A beautiful marine mollusc, the small tropical octopus called the argonaut or paper nautilus—names which mean a sailor—has worked out an even more elaborate system. Here the difficulty of finding a mate does not come from darkness but from oceanic space. Molluscs, including octopi, are essen-



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tially creatures of the sea-floor, but the argonaut at breeding time floats at the surface of the sea. The female lays her eggs in a thin and lovely white shell—the paper nautilus itself—of her own making, and uses it as a sail and crib combined. In season fleets of the white sailing shells can be seen drifting before the wind on the blue water of the Aegean and Adriatic seas. But argonaut eggs, like those of all her closer kin, must be fertilized by sperm before they are laid. A parasitic male would of course have been just as good a solution as it has been for the deep-sea frog fish. It just so happens that argonauts have found another way. The males are dwarfs—perhaps because a small octopus can swim in the upper layers of the sea with less effort than a large one, does not feel the pull of gravity to quite the same degree. It has eight long arms, and it is the custom for the male when it finds a female in the breeding season to reach deep within its own mantle with one of its arms and withdraw it gripping a handful of small cigar-shaped packets of sperm. The arm is then thrust with the collection within the mantle of the female and leaves the sperm packets there, ready to fertilize eggs whenever the time arrives, while he himself swims off on other business. To make assurance doubly sure, the dwarf males of the argonaut snap off the inserted arm at its base, leaving the arm end and its clutched sperm packets within the female's mantle, while they swim away not merely to continued freedom but to regenerate a new arm in place of the one that was lost.

It is among the lowlier forms of life (although level is merely a point of view) that nature really begins to ring the changes. In most rivers and lakes, cow ponds and farmyard puddles, you often can see clouds of small water fleas, not fleas at all except in size and jerky movement, but small crustaceans more kin to shrimp than insects. Often the water is dense with them, and usually every bouncing beauty will be a female, every one of them loaded with developing young. No males are to be seen and virgin birth is the rule. It's no more effective than fertile birth, it is simply more economical and it builds the community up to a population peak much faster when every member is an actual or potential pregnant female.

For generation after generation the females breed only females and get along without a male, until you think it might go on for ever. And it does—just as long as there is plenty of watery space, plenty of food and a nice even temperature. But let the pond get crowded, food a little short, or nights get suddenly chilly, and, suddenly, the males appear as though it were by a miracle.

When emergencies arise the males are needed again. Crowding, starvation and cold all indicate the beginning of the end for the water flea community, at least in its active form, and the eggs produced by females all alone are of a kind that must develop at once or not at all. When males appear, eggs are fertilized and such eggs become encased in a tough envelope that enables them to survive freezing and thawing, and even drying in parched mud, long after their parents have disappeared. They are virtually the same as the seeds of annual plants, tiding the species through seasons of bad times. In the case of water fleas an egg with two sex chromosomes becomes a female, if only one it becomes a male; and, by playing on this system, they can obliterate the male entirely, still rear fatherless offspring and then recreate the male when he's needed again.

In their own way the honey bees



have also tried to make their society purely female. The queen alone lays eggs and has no time for anything else. The workers are female too, but they are stunted in their growth and fail to reach maturity. What males there are are typical drones with nothing important to do, save the one who mates once with a queen. And no more than the male of the water flea can they point with pride to paternal valor. They have no fathers, and are merely the product of those eggs of the female that somehow failed to get fertilized. Had they been fertilized like the great majority they would have found themselves to be sterile female workers gathering honey like the rest to the end of their days.

This does not mean that all fertilized eggs, of whatever kind, are destined to be female, although it is true for bees and water fleas. It is obviously not true for humans and other back-boned animals. But unfertilized eggs in water fleas can be male or female according to what else happens to them, and all unfertilized eggs of bees will be males.

What is, I think, really much more startling in both these animals is that their eggs undergo their development in any event, whether they are fertilized or not.

When we really get down to the bedrock of sex we find as a rule two sexes in one—hermaphrodites, where every individual is both a male and a female. Separating them into individuals each with but one sex apiece has been mainly a matter of convenience, a division of labor if you like. Earthworms, land snails, barnacles, and even certain fish are double-sexed hermaphrodites. Yet no matter what the circumstances it always has been important that eggs of one individual be fertilized by the sperm of another—otherwise the worst consequences of persistent inbreeding will result. Consequently earthworms and land snails still have to mate to effect a mutual exchange of their spermatozoa.

But a hermaphrodite animal, or plant

for that matter, does not have to be both sexes at once—it can be one at a time. Oysters change their sex every few months, or annually at least, year in and year out for as long as they live. A shrimp that lives along the Atlantic coast, which looks and behaves as though it were two separate sexes, is actually but one kind acting differently at different times. It first matures as a male, and so it functions; but, as it continues to grow, its male tissue degenerates and ovaries take its place. The young male becomes an older and larger female. Most of us have heard of roosters ceasing to crow, losing their color, and finally laying eggs.

Humans themselves are individually mostly male or mostly female, but never quite exclusively one or the other. Chromosomes in the egg and sperm usually tip the balance. Since only one kind of egg is produced by humans or any other mammal while two kinds of spermatozoa are produced, the sex ratio is a matter of simple arithmetic. The egg plus one kind of sperm produces one sex, the egg plus the other kind of sperm produces the other. The egg has one sex chromosome to start with. If the sperm brings another chromosome the product will be female, if not the product is a male. The chances are fifty fifty which kind of sperm will reach an egg first—and as long as that part of the equation remains as it is the human race will continue to rear males and females in equal quantity.

Yet even this reassuring thought is not necessarily the last word on the subject, for old and apparently settled balances can and have been radically changed. Frogs, for instance, have the same sort of sex chromosome system as we have, and usually produce a female for every male. Yet, even after frog tadpoles have started to develop, an upward shift of temperature to tropical heat may cause ninety percent of them to finish as males, while certain chemicals can shift the balance just as far to the female side. There are many ways of making eggs develop without the help of spermatozoa. A frog egg gently pricked with the tip of a fine glass needle or warmed at a critical period will develop and form a tadpole. The egg of a virgin rabbit, simply placed in saline, will at least begin the process.

There are no good substitutes for eggs. There are several substitutes for spermatozoa. In short, the coldly logical reckoning of nature says that the male, far from being the lord of creation, is its lowliest servant and may not even be necessary. ★

First-of-the-month letters

The headings and the endings

Never seem to fit,

They each begin with "Dear"

And end with "Please remit."

Emily Carey Alleman

The Erudite Jester of McGill

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

The little town in Sunshine Sketches which Leacock called Mariposa was Orillia, on Lake Couchiching about eighty miles north of Toronto, where Leacock spent his summers, and the book included such unforgettable characters as the Rev. Mr. Drone, the Rural Dean of the Church of England Church; Mr. Golgotha Gingham, the undertaker of Mariposa whose lips never passed such words as "funeral" or "hearse" but brought out the majesty and sublimity of death with such terms as "interments" and "coaches"; Josh Smith, who weighed two hundred and eighty pounds and was the proprietor of Smith's Hotel, whose bar would have been closed down by the liquor commissioners had not Josh, in a moment of inspiration, renovated it into "a real French Cuff with a high-toned French Chief who prepared and served *la carte du jour*"; and Jeff Thorpe, the barber who made a hatful of money in the mining boom ("Everybody knew Jeff and liked him but the odd thing was that till he made money nobody took any stock in his ideas at all. It was only after he made the clean-up that they came to see what a splendid fellow he was. Level-headed, I think, was the term").

There has long been argument whether these characters were caricatures of living persons. Some people living in Orillia forty years ago felt they were and resented it. Leacock, himself, always denied it. There is no question, however, that a good proportion of Leacock's humor was autobiographical. His Boarding House Geometry, in which he described a landlady as "a parallelogram—that is, an oblong figure which cannot be described but which is equal to anything," sprang from his own experience. So did My Financial Career, in which he related how he was so overwhelmed by the magnificence of the bank that he deposited all the money he owned, fifty-six dollars, and then, utterly confused, drew it all out again. B. K. Sandwell, former editor of Saturday Night and a lifelong friend of Leacock's, once related that he had heard Stephen tell at the dinner table scores of the anecdotes he later turned into stories.

Born at Swanmoor, Hants, England, in 1869, Leacock arrived in Canada with his parents when he was six. His father came here largely because his father had a good deal of money and thought his sons ought to travel. Leacock remarked one time that his great-grandfather, John, retired from his vineyards in Madeira with so much money that nobody in the family worked again for three generations. "The fourth generation, dead broke, started over," he chuckled.

Leacock's father settled on a farm near Lake Simcoe, where "by great diligence he was just able to pay the hired hands and raise enough grain to seed the next year's crop." However, although the Leacocks had eleven children—six boys and five girls—they were able to send Stephen to Upper Canada College, a private school in Toronto, and the University of Toronto. He studied languages, graduated in 1891 and became a schoolteacher, largely because "it was the only trade I could find that needed neither intellect nor experience." The school was Upper Canada, where he served for eight years.

Then he went to the University of Chicago to study economics and political science and, in 1901, joined the

economics staff at McGill. He got his doctor of philosophy degree from Chicago in 1903. "The meaning of this degree," he wrote in a short autobiography in 1912, "is that the recipient of instruction is examined for the last time in his life, and is pronounced completely full. After this, no new ideas can be imparted to him."

In 1900 he had married Beatrix Hamilton, of Toronto, and he was so pleased upon becoming a doctor that he took her to Europe to celebrate. On the way across he invented perhaps his most famous single story; so many eminent men have borrowed it and retold it at their own expense that it has become almost as familiar as anything in Joe Miller. He was listed on the passenger list as Dr. Stephen Leacock. The ship had no sooner set sail, Leacock used to say, than there came a rap on his door.

"Dr. Leacock?" a steward asked.

"Yes," remarked Leacock, unable to suppress a smile, "yes, I'm Dr. Leacock."

"You're wanted immediately in the stewardess' quarters," the man said urgently. "The head stewardess has fallen and dislocated her hip."

"I rushed off," Leacock said, "but, unfortunately, a doctor of divinity beat me to her."

He became head of the department of economics at McGill in 1908 and observed that "as this position is one of the prizes of my profession, I am able to regard myself as singularly fortunate. The emolument is so high as to place me with the policemen, postmen, streetcar conductors and other salaried officials of the neighborhood." It was one of the rare remarks in which he permitted his levity to touch the fringes of bitterness.

For all the gentle and not-so-gentle haymakers he threw at the teaching profession, Leacock was enthralled by it. "I enjoy more leisure in the four corners of a single year," he remarked seriously once, "than a businessman knows in his whole life. I thus have what the businessman can never enjoy, an ability to think and, what is still better, to stop thinking altogether for months at a time."

By 1909 he had published three books on economics and the Cecil Rhodes Trust selected him to visit England, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand to lecture on imperial organization. That he took this honor in stride is reflected in an observation he made on his return. "When I tell you the lectures were followed almost immediately by the Union of South Africa, the Banana Riots in Trinidad and the Turco-Italian war, I think you can form some idea of their importance."

In spare moments he had written short humorous pieces and he determined to try to get them published in one volume. His close friend, B. K. Sandwell, then a reporter on the Montreal Herald, endeavored to dissuade him, pointing out that for the few dollars he was likely to get he could ruin his reputation as a political economist. Leacock was adamant and, with his wife and Mrs. Sandwell, rummaged through his files for enough pieces to make a book. A thousand copies of Literary Lapses were produced at the author's risk and sold for seventy-five cents. It was 1910, the year Mark Twain died.

John Lane, an English publisher, read Literary Lapses and decided to print it in England and introduce the author as "the Mark Twain of the British Empire." The book sold slowly at first, then suddenly caught on. Dodd, Mead and Company, of New York, published it and both houses took on Leacock's second volume of

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Since 1867 Canada has had twelve prime ministers, some of whom are remembered as great statesmen, others who have been almost forgotten. One served for two months, another for almost twenty years. Can you identify these ten men?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 40



1 This easterner went west and ended up in the House of Lords.



2 A Bluenose doctor, he jockeyed the Maritimes into Confederation.



3 He was Canada's second premier and the first for the Liberals.



4 A Haligonian lawyer, he was the favorite protégé of No. 9.



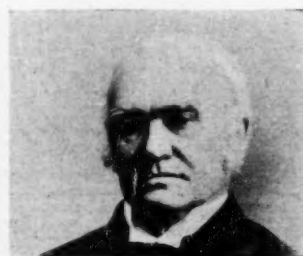
5 Dissension split the cabinet of this titled one-time journalist.



6 A big Customs scandal put him in office again for three months.



7 He led Liberals for thirty-two years, groomed Mackenzie King.



8 Once a dean of law, he has a namesake in the cabinet now.



9 He came from Glasgow and won fame as "architect of Canada."



10 He turned down a U. S. bid for a trade alliance with Canada.

humor, called Nonsense Novels. Then came Sunshine Sketches, written originally as pieces for the Montreal Star and other Canadian papers.

Punch, the English periodical, couldn't get over the fact that these outpourings were the work of a professor and once worked the enigma into a verse:

The life that is flagrantly double,
Conflicting in conduct and aim,
Is seldom untainted by trouble
And commonly closes in shame.

But no such anxieties pester
Your dual existence, which links
The functions of don and of jester,
High thought and high jinks.

Leacock's humor didn't forsake him in the classroom where by now he was the most famous and the most popular of McGill's professors. One father used to go over his son's schoolwork and one day wrote Leacock that "the boy has been with you six months and yet his knowledge of economics is very limited. What's the cause?"

Leacock studied the note a moment and then he jotted: "It must be heredity."

His notion of how to teach was to refrain from wrath and apply humor. One of his students had an annoying habit of stuffing scraps of paper into his mouth, making spitballs out of them and firing them around the classroom. Leacock brought a whole sheaf of new foolscap paper to the classroom and in loud clear tones informed the student he wasn't required to do any work that day. His sole assignment was to take a chair in the corner and eat the paper.

"You have had only scraps before," he remarked. "Now you can really have a meal."

The student demurred but the pressure of public opinion from the rest of the howling classroom was too great. He actually did eat the paper.

Leacock always felt that the greatest end of a college education was to teach students to think for themselves and, because he had so human an approach, students generally found themselves getting more out of his lectures than those of more serious instructors. His notes of levity always seemed to command rapt attention for the whole lecture. There is a story, possibly apocryphal, that a student asked him about the terms "recession," "depression" and "panic." Leacock reportedly replied: "It's all a matter of degree. A recession is a period in which you tighten your belt. In a depression you have no belt to tighten and when you have no pants left to hold up it's a panic."

As Leacock's books continued to come out at a rate of about one a year his work came more and more into demand. Newspapers and magazines sought his comment on almost everything and he kept the copyright of all he wrote. At the end of a year he collected the best of the work and incorporated it into another book. He began going on lecture tours of eastern Canada and the United States, and he'd leave McGill four or five times a month. He increased his fees until he was making five hundred dollars for some lectures. He rarely used a script or referred to notes, relying on his remarkable memory.

Dan McArthur, chief news editor of the CBC—whose father, Peter, published some of Leacock's earliest humor pieces in a New York magazine called Truth—recalled Leacock's memory not long ago. When he met Leacock in 1942 the humorist went through Literary Lapses with him and told him not only what selections had been published by McArthur senior but the date of

the issue in which they had appeared more than thirty years earlier.

By 1917 Leacock's work was widely admired. He received a letter that year from Theodore Roosevelt:

I am sending you the Metropolitan (magazine) with an article by me dealing with Canada's great record in this war.

All my family, including myself, owe you much for both amusement and instruction. When you are next in New York, do let us know. If you have leisure, I'll get you to come out here for lunch or dinner.

Leacock thoroughly enjoyed companionship and loved to ponder its pleasures and its penalties. During one trip to England in 1920 he picked up a story that remained one of his favorites all his life. It concerned two men sitting opposite in a compartment on an English train. One was carrying a mysterious parcel and was constantly annoyed by the loquacious fellow opposite who talked endlessly about nothing. Inevitably the latter asked what was in the parcel.

"It's a mongoose," the man replied. "I'm taking it to a friend who has delirium tremens. He fancies he sees snakes."

"But surely," expostulated the other, "surely you're not taking a live mongoose to kill imaginary snakes!"

"Great heavens, no, man," was the silencer. "What I have in this box is an imaginary mongoose."

Leacock himself hated to refuse a drink and he could carry liquor well. "Whatever you have is good enough," he'd say, "although I prefer Scotch and soda." He loved entertaining and almost always made a visitor an excuse for a party. He nearly went on an expedition to the South Pole with Vilhjalmur Stefansson but when he found he could not take along his own supply of whisky he called the whole thing off.

A son, Stevie, was born in 1915 and Leacock's devotion to him was intensified when Mrs. Leacock died of cancer in 1925 in England, where he had taken her to try an operation he had heard might help. The son lives at Orillia, the town in which Leacock spent so many summers. The professor built a huge house there on Old Brewery Bay on the south shore of Lake Couchiching and he was entranced by the name.

"You can judge your friends by that name," he once chuckled. "If they don't like the sound of Old Brewery Bay they aren't your friends. On the other hand, I've known people to grow thirsty as far off as Nebraska just thinking about it."

The house had fourteen rooms and five bathrooms and was surrounded by forty-eight acres of beautiful woodland. Leacock would fill the house with guests, ranging from American humorists Chic Sale and Robert Benchley to older friends from Orillia and McGill. He refused to learn to drive a car or a motorboat on the grounds that if he didn't learn he wouldn't have to drive people home. He'd ride with anyone, as long as they had a driver's license, but he had one hard rule. "Get her up to thirty-five," he'd suggest as he settled back, "and keep her there."

During the McGill term he lived at 165 Côte des Neiges Road in a large comfortable house at the foot of Mount Royal. His closest friend in Montreal was René du Roure, then head of the French department at McGill. They were a brilliant pair who argued interminably on wars, history, literature and education. Mostly they'd conduct their discussions at the University Club over a drink or a game of billiards.

"I have worked at billiards for a half-century," Leacock said of his

favorite game one time, "I'll need another." He and Du Roure played for a dollar a game and the same dollar changed hands constantly. Often they'd sit in the lounge playing chess without a board, simply calling their moves.

Leacock went to McGill at eleven in the morning, after four or five hours of work at home, and his sure heavy step and the loud thump of his cane on the marble floor of the Arts Building made his entrance unmistakable. Students all spoke to him and he always made a gallant pretense of knowing them. He delighted in calling out as he walked to his office on the second floor, "Good morning, Gentleman," chuckling good humoredly as half the students in the wide hall turned in response. Actually, he was greeting his good friend Bill Gentleman, head janitor in the Arts Building.

Leacock's office, Room 240, was high-ceilinged, its buff walls bare except for two high bookcases. Its wide single window overlooked the broad beautifully treed expanse of McGill's lower campus, with its winding walk leading to Sherbrooke Street.

He had the highest regard for his most brilliant scholars; and, if a

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

To get them to do it

It seems that we've got to

Tell them emphatically

That they are not to.

FRANCIS O. WALSH

student's scholarship happened to be blended with common sense, Leacock developed a deep fondness for him. One such was John Culliton, who took his master's degree at McGill under Leacock after graduating from the University of Saskatchewan. Culliton was somewhat taken by the night life of Montreal when first he entered McGill. Leacock soon recognized his ability but was distracted when Culliton went to sleep during classes.

"He started to check up on me after a while," Culliton recalled recently, "but it took him quite a time to get the telephone number of the place at which I boarded. One day, however, he got it and that night he called my landlady and asked if John Culliton, the student, was in."

"Oh, he's a student, is he?" my landlady replied in some surprise. "He told me he was a night watchman." From that point forward, Stephen and I became fast friends." Leacock, in fact, made Culliton his assistant and they worked opposite each other in the back-to-back desks that sat in the middle of Room 240.

Leacock was embittered with the enforcement of the sixty-five-year age limit when he was asked to retire, pointing out there was nothing wrong with his brain at sixty-five that hadn't been wrong with it at sixty-four. "I was retired much against my will on grounds of senility," he remarked more than once, "having passed the age of sixty-five."

He decided to accept a long-standing invitation to make a lecture tour of Canada. Although he'd often spoken in this country it had always been for free, whereas he rarely made a speech in the United States for which he wasn't handsomely paid. Tremendous crowds greeted him this time and he was startled and greatly pleased. "This is just like a come-to-Jesus parade," he remarked in astonishment as the crowds surged into Winnipeg's Fort

Garry Hotel. In Victoria somebody asked him how he liked the city. "If I'd known about it sooner," he replied with a soft grin, "I'd have been born here." That was his last speaking tour. "I lectured all over the United States from Kansas City to the sea and through England and Scotland, and in Canada from Halifax to Vancouver," he later remarked. "To get a new audience I would have had to learn Chinese. So I stopped lecturing."

As soon as he returned to Old Brewery Bay he set immediately to work writing My Discovery of the West. Next came one of his more serious works and one of which he was most proud, Montreal, Seaport and City, a voluminous study of his favorite city. John Culliton went to Orillia to help him with research. It was one of the most difficult assignments Culliton ever undertook.

"Not the book," Culliton says, "the life." The house was always full of guests and along about ten o'clock Leacock would yawn, stretch and go off to bed, instructing Culliton to entertain his friends. "When they'd finally go home around three o'clock I'd flop exhausted into bed," Culliton remembered. "About two hours later there'd come a tapping on my door. It'd be Stephen, fresh and ready for work on the book."

"Oh," he'd say, 'did I wake you? Sorry. Here, you might as well have a cup of tea.' By the time I'd had the tea and we'd chatted awhile I'd be awake and we'd be working again."

Leacock took up gardening and fishing on a grand scale after his retirement. He experimented a good deal, raising Montreal melons that grew to twenty-four pounds, planting two hundred apple trees and stocking a pond with fifteen thousand dollars' worth of speckled trout so there'd be a fair chance he'd get a nibble when he got out in his boat. "The difficulty with gardening," he was moved to observe one time, "is that with so many things you have to begin the year before last." He raised turkeys but as with almost everything he did, as soon as he'd done it successfully he'd turn to something else.

"Ten years ago the deficit on my farm was about a hundred dollars," he remarked once. "By well-designed capital expenditure, by drainage and by greater attention to detail, I have got it into the thousands."

And then, his brain and his pen still penetrating and agile, he died in 1944. Behind him were his tremendous outpourings of words; his wonderful humor, the economic treatises and the biographies of Charles Dickens, Mark Twain and Abraham Lincoln. And there was his great knack of being able to laugh at himself, as when, near the last, he censured the Progressive-Conservative Party for failing to reward his long, faithful and valuable services for which he'd "never received a contract to build a bridge or make a wharf or construct even the smallest section of the transcontinental railway."

But, actually, very little more was stilled in 1944 than the walking stick that had become so familiar a part of him and with which he'd said he'd be ready to face his end. Still carrying his name and his heart around the world were the things he left behind him. ★

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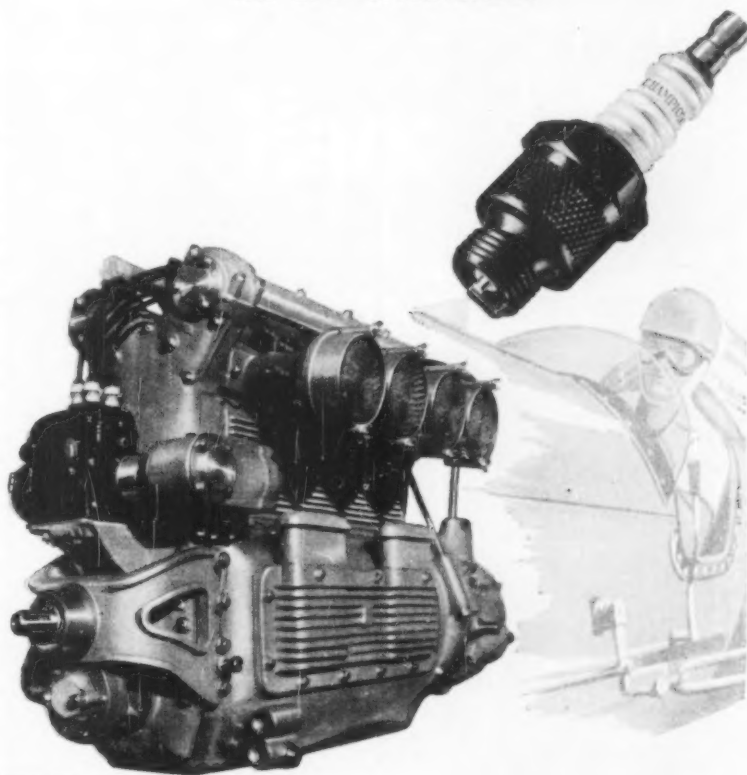
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Also current
THE
IMPORTANCE OF
BEING EARNEST

See them both
at Your Local Theatre

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

They were not, however, unanimous in their verdicts when they put pen to paper. Some acclaimed *Limelight* as a masterpiece and confessed that they had wept tears of sadness and tears of laughter. Others declared it too long, and one or two thought the philosophy of the piece was somewhat banal, but on the whole it was an enthusiastic reception.

Therefore on the morning of the gala *première* I was full of curiosity and expectancy, and was delighted when a note arrived from Lord Strabolgi inviting me to a private dinner at the House of Lords in honor of Chaplin on the next Monday night. Strabolgi used to sit as a Liberal in the Commons as Commander Kenworthy but when his father died he went to the Lords and became a socialist. It was he who organized the gala night charity and, as one left winger to another, he probably wanted to pay tribute to Charlie in the citadel of pomp and privilege—the Upper House. I looked forward to meeting the great little man from Hollywood.

Now for the film as it was revealed to us on the gala night. As the lights dimmed I saw that my handkerchief was at the ready for, like most people, I enjoy a good cry in the theatre. The air was tense with excitement.

You may recall that the picture opened with a promising situation. In a shabby London boarding house about the year 1912 Claire Bloom, an out-of-work dancer, had tried to commit suicide because she thought that her legs were paralyzed. To this house, where he also lived, came Charlie as an old out-of-work clown. He was drunk, so that his legs were pretty well paralyzed, too. We learn that he was the great clown Calvero, once the rage of London, now fallen on evil days.

Drunk as he was he managed to carry the girl up to his room, and there begins the sad little love story of spring with late autumn. Whereupon Charlie starts to talk.

There is no reason why a comic should talk in private life as he does on the stage, but should he have a voice and a vocabulary which is something between that of a chairman of a bank and a professor of psychiatry?

He lectures the poor little dancer on the philosophy of life as if she were a class at Yale. The one thing that matters is desire—the desire to live, to be, to conquer. Look at the trees how they grow, look at the roses achieving beauty and form, look at the rocks with their design.

As her legs were paralyzed—or at least she thought they were—there was no escape. Calvero had found an audience that could not walk out on him, and he made the most of it.

If he had only faltered for a word or stumbled into an occasional incoherency it would not have been so bad. But he gave the impression that he would have addressed the combined houses of parliament without an extra tremor of the heart. It was only when he stopped talking that we saw Chaplin's genius is still alive. The scene where he returns to a third-rate music hall and gives us the seedy indomitable tramp once more is superbly done.

I wrote at length about it in the Sunday Express under the heading: Alas Poor Charlie! To me the picture had been boring, the philosophy juvenile, the music and ballet dancing no more than adequate, and the only genius recognizable was when Chaplin reverted to the clown of other days. It is only fair to say that the crowd



at the cinema gave him a great ovation at the finish.

On balance the Sunday film critics were enthusiastic. Only the wretched fellow in the Sunday Express had said that it was a poor thing. Yet on the following evening at Strabolgi's dinner I would have to meet citizen Chaplin face to face.

Fortunately, by agreement with my host, I arrived twenty minutes late, having had to deliver a speech at a Tory recruiting meeting in North Paddington. The dinner was a big affair of about forty people and, with a bit of luck, I could get away without the embarrassment of a personal talk with the guest of honor.

True to his colors Lord Strabolgi had chosen his guests (and therefore their wives) from the hierarchy of the Labour Party. Herbert Morrison was in good form; Hugh Gaitskill looked, as he always does, like a diffident David Copperfield; Arthur Greenwood was as full of sound and wisdom as Polonius; Lord Jowitt looked more like a Tory than John Bull himself; Sir Hartley Shawcross gave a special elegance to the scene. Scarlet-tunicked waiters supplied the final climax of pageantry.

It was not exactly what the Toppuddle Martyrs, or Keir Hardie, would have visualized but modern British socialists see no reason why tradition and elegance should belong solely to the Tories. They are quite right.

When the dinner was finished Strabolgi called on Morrison to propose Chaplin's health. It was a theme after Morrison's cockney heart for, as I have said, both he and Charlie knew abject poverty on the wrong side of London's river. As he neared the finish of his eulogy he was putting Charlie rather above the immortal William himself, when my attention was distracted by

the arrival of a note from our host: "I am calling on you next."

That was all, but it was enough. I don't know how Herbert's speech ended because I was trying to think how mine would begin. No matter how much I could poke a bit of fun at the socialist hierarchy present I would have to come eventually to the guest of honor.

So the moment arrived when I had to say my say about Charlie to Mr. Chaplin. As far as I remember it went something like this: "Charlie—for I refuse to call you Charles, in spite of Herbert's example—I want to say something about critics. We critics see so many things that perhaps unknown to ourselves our appetite lessens and our palate grows more keen. So we are inclined to become fastidious in our taste and therefore removed from public taste. We cannot forget what you were in the days of the silent film when you carried the art of miming to such heights.

"The unconquerable courage of your bowler-hatted clown carrying his stick like a rapier, captured the heart and the imagination of the world. You were a ridiculous figure with a dignity of your own. You were an absurdity that became an expression of sanity in a mad world. But in those days you expressed a world of meaning by a mere shrug of the shoulder, or the raising of your hat.

"You did not need words. That is what hurt us in your new film. Where once you explained everything by what you left unsaid, now you have descended to the level of politicians who say everything and continue to do so even when they have nothing more to say. We welcome you as you are, but we miss what you used to be."

• • •

Well that is the end of the story. I have since learned that he has cut nearly half an hour from the film but he must cut more than that before I would sit through it again.

Finally, what is he like as a man? He is a gentle soul with a hatred of war and a passionate belief that the peoples of the world should live in amity together. By Hollywood standards he is an intellectual but the processes of his mind are young rather than sage.

But as an artist I cannot believe that he has anything significant to bring to the cinema now. He won our hearts as the silent clown and, if he had been wise, he would have said, like Hamlet, "The rest is silence!" ★

ANSWERS TO Maclean's HIDE-AND-SEEK

See Page 38

1, R. B. Bennett (1930-35); 2, Sir Charles Tupper (1896); 3, Alexander Mackenzie (1873-78); 4, Sir John Thompson (1892-94); 5, Sir Mackenzie Bowell (1894-96); 6, Arthur Meighen (1920-21, 1926); 7, Sir Wilfrid Laurier (1896-1911); 8, Sir John Abbott (1891-92); 9, Sir John A. Macdonald (1867-73, 1878-91); 10, Sir Robert Borden (1911-20).

Is It True What They Say About Gordie?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Howe had scored one hundred and sixty goals in league play, compared with Richard's three hundred and nineteen. However, as we shall see, the remark by Irvin was not as conclusive as it first appeared. For one thing, over the last three seasons, Howe not only scored as many goals as Richard but actually scored thirteen more—one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and twelve.

For the long-range view, Howe is seven years younger than Richard, who is now thirty-one, and therefore can conceivably last seven years longer. Howe, over the past three seasons, averaged 41.6 goals, at which pace he could close the gap separating him from Richard in four seasons. And since his NHL life expectancy is seven years longer than Richard's and since he is roughly one hundred and sixty goals behind him, he needs to average only twenty-three goals a season, or approximately half of his present output, to overtake the Rocket.

Howe, in his first six seasons, scored twenty-seven fewer goals than Richard counted in his first six years, three of which were war years when competition was sub-par. Over the last five full seasons, or since Howe settled into his NHL stride, Richard has outscored him by only seven goals.

The pro-Richard faction got its first great shock two years ago when Lloyd Percival, director of Canada's Sports College, released a detailed analysis of the two players after watching each over a seventeen-game period and recording various statistics revealed by stop-watches, graphs and charts. In noting seventeen points about their play Percival's researchers concluded that Howe was superior in sixteen of them, including such items as "carries puck out of defensive zone more often," "completes more passes," "hands out more body checks," "backchecks more often and travels faster when so doing" and "shows greater variety in scoring plays." Research showed Richard superior in only "acceleration from a complete stop." Percival concluded that the tests "point out Howe's great versatility and Richard's lack of team play without regard to their individual scoring."

No plaques were erected in Montreal to perpetuate Percival's name. "It is obvious to me that this is an attempt to rob Richard of the right he deserves as the greatest rightwinger in hockey today," exploded Dick Irvin. Hockey writers around the NHL failed to share Irvin's appraisal. They named Howe to the All-Star team that season and saluted him again last season during some of which Richard was sidelined by a groin injury. In each case, Richard was named to the second team under a system of selection whereby three writers from each NHL city name first and second All-Star teams.

Howe earned nine thousand dollars

in bonus prizes last season. He got a thousand from the league and a thousand from the Red Wings for winning an All-Star berth, the same for winning the scoring championship (for the second successive season) and the same for winning the Hart Trophy, which goes annually to the player voted by hockey writers as the most valuable to his team. And, like each of the Red Wing players, he got three thousand dollars as his share of the play-off pool as Detroit won the Stanley Cup. On top of a reported twelve-thousand-dollar salary, which this season is believed to have been upped to fifteen thousand, Howe thus observed his twenty-fourth birthday last spring with earnings of twenty-one thousand dollars.

The money could scarcely have come drifting down on a more modest young man. When Howe established an all-time NHL scoring record of eighty-six points during the 1950-51 season he was asked to explain his sudden arrival among hockey greats. "It was just luck," he related. "The big reason must be because I'm on a great team and have Abel and Lindsay to play with on a line." When Wes McKnight, Toronto radioman, asked him for his reaction to the Percival analysis which showed him superior to Rocket Richard in sixteen out of seventeen departments, Howe told a nationwide audience: "I feel very honored to be mentioned in the same breath with as great a hockey player as Richard." Linked romantically with Barbara Ann Scott a year ago by an overzealous publicity man, Howe remarked: "It was just a big joke. I was pretty surprised to see my picture there in the paper beside hers."

Rough and tough on the ice, Howe, a six-foot, hundred-and-ninety-four-pounder, is quiet-spoken, retiring and shy between games. He very rarely swears, in or out of uniform, and is a stickler for physical condition.

Early this season, with Detroit in first place in the wake of 7-0 and 6-1 victories over Chicago and Montreal, Howe was riding along in third place in the scoring with four goals and three assists. The day before the team entrained for Toronto for its next game the Red Wing coach, Tommy Ivan, dropped into the dressing room in the Olympia a few hours after practice. He found Howe, garbed in sweat clothes with a heavy towel piled around his neck, working alone on the stationary bicycle.

"What's your trouble?" he asked Howe in surprise.

"Aw, I'm not going so good," perspiring Howe retorted. "I should be putting more in the net."

"Not pedaling to Toronto, are you?" grinned Ivan, pleased that his big star took his business so seriously.

"If I am," smiled Howe, "I'm hardly out of Detroit yet."

Bachelor Howe, who once remarked that girls "make me feel nervous," spends his summers in Saskatoon in the two-story house he bought for his parents after the 1950-51 season. He is an outstanding baseball player and was batting .374 in the Saskatchewan Senior League late last summer when the

cost so little.

to bridge parties

add so much..

to holiday dinners

Manor

to gatherings

St. Davids

to snack time

light wines

to any meal

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52-10-W

**I'M A HOST
THEY
NEVER TOAST**

My guests have never praised me for
My graciousness, and, furthermore,
They won't.
They always tell me not to go
To any special trouble, so
I don't.

Richard Wheeler

Detroit management, fearing an injury, requested that he stop playing ball.

Gordie is the fourth youngest in a family of nine in which there are five girls. As a youngster he endeavored to overcome a lack of minerals in his infancy, which had left him with a weak spine, by working for a building construction company, mixing cement, and by hanging from the archway of doors and swinging his hips endlessly. As a result, he has a thick upper body, with big arms and strong wrists.

One night not long ago, in fact, young Jim Norris, head of the International Boxing Club, whose father owned the Red Wings, dropped into the Wings' dressing room with Jake Mintz, a manager of fighters. When Mintz saw Howe emerge from the shower room, he nudged Norris.

"Geez," he said. "Who's that big egg? Whatta built! He'd make a fighter, Jim."

Young Norris grinned. "Forget him, Jake," he said. "If we ever took him away the Old Man would have a fit."

Howe has a thick neck (he wears a sixteen-and-a-half collar) but it looks skinny because it is long and because his shoulders have a long gradual slope which actually gives his upper body a coffin shape. He dresses nattily, his trousers sharply draped and the coats long on his hips, and he drives a powder-blue hard-top convertible Oldsmobile. He wears old pants and crew-necked sweaters at home in the off-season but, like all the Red Wings, never goes to the dining room of a hotel without a jacket and necktie (it's a club rule that also applies to railway dining cars).

He's a patient, easy-going lobbyist, an asset for a hockey player who must spend many idle hours waiting around hotels during road trips. Most stops are overnight and the players either lobby-sit or shop or take in a movie until three-thirty when the Red Wings, at least, go to the hotel dining room for a steak, baked potato, one vegetable and ice cream. When the game ends they hastily shower and change and grab taxis for the railway station and the overnight ride back home or, occasionally, to another road stop.

Howe, who doesn't smoke and has only an occasional relaxing beer, tries to get at least ten hours' sleep every night.

Howe gave no thought to professional hockey as a boy, playing the game as a midget and juvenile mostly because every other youngster in Saskatoon with the normal number of legs played it. But when Gordie was fourteen, Russ McQuarrie, a great promoter of minor leagues in the city, sent him to Winnipeg to attend a New York Rangers' tryout camp. It was the first time Howe had been so far from home but he has little recollection of his week in Winnipeg. "The only thing I knew," he remarked not long ago, "was the route from the hotel to the Amphitheatre rink." He was on the ice only four or five times and because he was an underdeveloped six-footer he got scant attention from Lester Patrick, then boss of the Rangers. "Lester kept asking me my age," Howe recalled recently. "Nothing else ever happened."

He went back to Saskatoon where the late Fred Pinkney, then a Detroit scout, picked him up for the Red Wings. He'd filled out a little by the following fall and Jack Adams, the Detroit general manager, liked him and urged him to work on his physique and to return to Windsor the following year. Howe did and Adams, desirous of having him develop under Detroit supervision, sent him to the Galt juniors, then sponsored by Detroit

and coached by Al Murray, former New York Americans defenseman. But, because he was being transferred from one branch of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association to another, Howe was compelled to stay out of hockey for one year. Nevertheless, Adams kept him at Galt where he played exhibition games and practiced daily under Murray. He quit school ("I was embarrassed a little; all the kids my age were about half my size") and got a job in Galt.

Howe did so well in fall training when he was seventeen that Adams decided to make him a professional and sent him to Omaha in the United States Hockey League where Tommy Ivan was the coach. Howe, who therefore never played junior hockey, scored twenty-two goals and had twenty-two assists—but he did more than that to indicate to the Detroit brass that he was a real find. Playing in St. Louis one night he became involved in an

exchange with defenseman Myles Lane, a former NHLer and a very rugged performer. The exchange developed into a fight and Lane knocked Howe down with a right-hand wallop. Howe scrambled to his feet and Lane knocked him down again. Once more Howe got up and this time he tore past Lane's punches and gave the big defenseman a lacing.

That night, Tommy Ivan phoned Jack Adams in Detroit. "Jack, we've got something here," he said. "This big skinny kid, Howe, has the guts of a burglar."

Thus, when Howe was eighteen, he was ripe for the NHL. To that point he'd been fairly free of injuries, although he had a rupture operation after his season in Omaha. But, early in his first year with Detroit, he was checking Bryan Hextall in a game in New York and he felt his left knee twinge. The cartilage had popped and it came out several times during the

season. Nevertheless, playing with Adam Brown and Billy Taylor, he got seven goals and fifteen assists and played fifty-eight games. The season was less auspicious than his debut but it was satisfactory. For in his first NHL game, in Toronto on Oct. 16, 1946, he beat Walter (Turk) Broda with the game's first goal and later checked Syl Apps with so heavy a bodycheck that Apps was forced to retire with a knee injury.

Howe had the cartilage removed from his left knee in a post-season operation and in his second season, by now operating beside Lindsay and Abel, he doubled his points output with sixteen goals and twenty-eight assists. He seemed headed for big things the following season but early in December he was belted by defenseman Pat Egan and tore the cartilage in his right knee when he bounced into the boards. Two weeks later it was apparent the knee couldn't be mended and the cartilage was removed before Christmas. He worked hard to strengthen his knee and made a remarkable recovery to return to the lineup in just over a month. A shoulder injury later sidelined him for four games and altogether he missed thirty games of the seventy-game schedule. He came back to shine in the play-offs, leading all point-getters with eight goals and three assists and that outburst was indicative of his future. In the play-offs the next season, 1950, Howe received his gravest injury of all.

In an incredibly vicious series with Toronto, Howe raced across the ice to check Ted Kennedy near the end of the first game. Kennedy, cruising near the boards, pulled up short as Howe slammed toward him and Howe crashed headlong into the boards. He crumpled to the ice, blood streaming from his nose and eye. A brain specialist ordered an immediate operation to remove fluid causing pressure on the brain. Also, he had a fractured cheekbone and nose. After a forty-five-minute operation Howe's condition still was serious twenty-four hours later and headlines in the three Detroit newspapers shouted that his life was in danger.

This added animosity to the riotous hockey series and seemed to add to Detroit's determination to whip the Leafs, which they did in seven games. Then, with the fast-recovering Howe able to leave the hospital ten days later, they won the Stanley Cup by beating the New York Rangers in the final. Howe, his head heavily bandaged joined his team on the ice after the game when the fans began to chant, "We want Howe!"

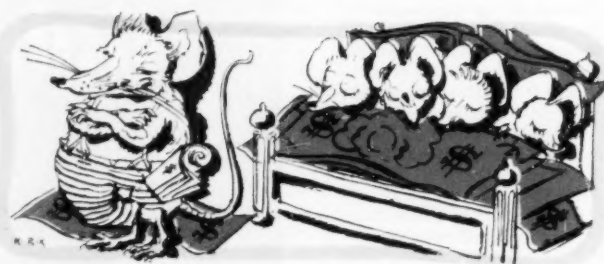
He recalled the occasion recently. "That was the biggest thrill I've ever experienced. The folks sure made me feel that I wasn't forgotten."

Of Kennedy, whom the Detroit papers had flayed unmercifully after the accident, this paragon of modesty observed: "Ted isn't the kind of player who would deliberately injure an opponent."

Howe hit his top stride after that, setting a new league scoring record the following season. A small hole had been drilled over his right ear in the operation and the management insisted he wear a helmet to protect his head. Howe wore it for a time, then discarded it. "Makes me sweat," he explained.

Howe, who invariably credits others for his success, is loudly applauded by those who play with him. "He added years to my life," Sid Abel, the Chicago coach, once remarked. "If you can just stay young enough to follow that guy you can pick up an awful lot of garbage in front of the net." ★

Rare Beefs



By Paul Steiner

Drawing by Karl Rix

A shopkeeper in Fort William, Ont., beefed because mice feathered their nests with paper money stolen from his cash register.

A cigar-store owner in Vancouver beefed about a robber who entered his shop, scooped \$63 from the cash drawer, then ordered a package of gum, tendered a two-dollar bill plucked from the loot and asked for \$1.94 change.

A company in Flin Flon, Man., offered a reward of a hundred dollars for the return of its lost mining town — five frame buildings, a mess hall, an office, and a bunkhouse which disappeared from a wilderness site while unoccupied.

In Napanee, Ont., red-faced police beefed because a thief broke into the station house and stole two revolvers and some ammunition.

Jack Esworthy, an old sailor in Vancouver, who works in a steel foundry at night to make enough money to keep his hundreds of tropical birds, beefed because his pets eat \$1,375 worth of food a year, which is more than his family consumes.

A Hamilton, Ont., woman beefed because the thief who stole her fifty-dollar set of golf clubs telephoned the next day and impudently offered to sell them back to her at half price.

In Calgary, Alta., T. Spence Hugh beefed to the telephone company. He wanted his number changed. He said people were calling his number for Spence's Shoes, a local shoe store, and he had trouble convincing them that they had Spence Hugh and not Spence Shoe.

In Vancouver, B.C., Richard O. Bowes beefed because he had to spend four cents for stamps to acknowledge an income-tax refund of five cents.

The Secret Nightmare of Europe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

also the least experienced and least disciplined politico-military force of any modern world power, may unwittingly set in motion events which would precipitate a world war neither they nor the rest of us nor even (one begins to presume) the Russians intend or desire.

This then is the dreadful secret which, after all, is neither dreadful nor secret.

The Americans know it. That extraordinarily prescient observer, Anne O'Hare McCormick, who is as close to the State Department as any American journalist can possibly be, wrote in the New York Times on Nov. 15: "Anti-Americanism is something new in our experience. The hate campaign of the Soviet Union . . . does not bother us too much . . . but the appearance of anti-American feeling in free countries, among our friends and allies, is as bewildering as it is exasperating to the ordinary citizen of the United States . . . Reports from all sides that we are feared and distrusted, that the new Administration is expected to be either isolationist or warlike, are all the more disturbing because they seem to reflect popular opinion . . ."

The man in the street knows it. The other day, traveling from Bristol to London, I was joined in a first-class carriage by that unusual species, a talkative Englishman. He was a ruddy, obviously prosperous motorcycle dealer in Bath on his way to attend London's annual Motorcycle Salon, and he talked interminably of the success of the racing team he had sponsored at the international meet in Gothenburg, Sweden. Then he said, "Curious thing I found. In Gothenburg they think exactly as we do in Bath. In Bath, you know, we have the Admiralty, thirty thousand of the blokes, and some of them are my customers, including a couple of admirals. I get to talk to these chaps pretty often. They don't think the bolsies are going to start anything, but the Yanks—that's something else again. They may get jolly well fed up with the cold war thing, and up goes the balloon. Now that's not only in Gothenburg and in Bath. Take my father-in-law. He lives up in Leeds . . ."

The Russians know it. They know it so well that they are setting up a brand-new arsenal of political and propaganda weapons to exploit this knowledge. Last October, to almost universal surprise, Stalin promulgated Moscow's first new conception of grand

strategy in more than twenty years. This superseded the previously held theory that final Communist triumph would come through economic collapse of the West and/or a last convulsive war between the capitalist states and the "peoples' republics." Stalin's new strategy embraces two principal notions: (1) that war between the Soviets and the West is unlikely, and (2) that capitalist collapse will come through a great conflict between the Western allies and America.

In short, Stalin's strategy is to feed and encourage this Dreadful Secret in the hope that it will eventually shatter the Western coalition of free nations. Then Moscow will have Europe at its mercy—and eventually the world.

Nothing could serve Stalin's purposes better than a continuation of this whispering and gesturing campaign by ever-growing masses of the Western peoples and their diplomats. He would prefer it to develop until it becomes a monster growing under the cloak of official silence. The time has come, in my view, to let the Dreadful Secret out of the bag. It will cavort troublesomely, to be sure, for a little while; then it will die, as it must, because it feeds only on silence and timidity among the allies.

Moreover, it is peculiarly Canada's function to release the secret. We Canadians know and like the United States and its people better than any other nation on earth. We don't have to be convinced of their abhorrence of war; we know it to be at least the equal of ours. Nor do Americans have to be convinced about us. The deepest-dyed midwestern isolationist doesn't endow Canada with a cloak and dagger as he might Perfidious Albion or Atheistic France. We have no need to worry about the temporary ire of a few Congressmen whose combined votes might cut down the size of a foreign-aid program. Nor are our leaders subject to the suspicion that they might be playing Stalin's game; they settled Canada's Communist spy problem before any other nation, promptly and permanently.

If the job must be done, it is Canada's duty to do it because no other nation can do it as easily, as harmlessly, as successfully. We might even find an area of agreement with Andrei Vishinsky, the Soviet Foreign Minister, on this point. He once said, "I always listen with great attention to the Canadian delegate, because he often says what others think but are afraid to say."

Why is it that the United States is "feared and distrusted"—to use Mrs. McCormick's phrase—among its friends and allies? In fairness to the distinguished lady's context, her reply should be given. She writes: "It is the inevitable but as yet more or less superficial reaction of the poor against the rich, of overstrained economies against the strain of rearmament, of old and long-independent peoples against the nagging compulsions of dependence. In some countries, moreover, opposition to American leadership or American policy is a convenient cloak for opposition to local governments . . . This is especially true of the Bevanites in England, the ill-assorted 'neutralists' in France, the Socialists in Western Germany and, of course, of the Communists everywhere . . ."

The explanation is valid enough as far as it goes, but I don't think it goes far enough. It might explain an unfortunate but human resentment against the rich, powerful leader of the West, but it does not explain the much more serious problem of distrust and fear.

The U. S. State Department's obser-

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BOOK WITH CARE



vers, who are anxiously seeking the reasons for the terrifying notion that war might be precipitated by an American hand, are looking in the wrong direction. They should lower their sights, swing them around, and set them on Washington; specifically on the Pentagon, and especially on the checkrein which the White House and the Congress are supposed to hold on the mushrooming military establishment.

Every European diplomat with whom I have discussed this fearful notion that America might precipitate war sooner or later speaks the same two dreaded words: The Pentagon. Let it be remembered that these diplomats are not Communist dupes or ill-informed, resentful people subject to Communist propaganda; they are the men who are straining every effort to making the Western alliance under American leadership a strong, bright and burnished reality.

In Britain, these long weary months of fighting and fruitless negotiation in Korea bring wry memories of the autumn days two years ago when MacArthur had successfully stormed the Inchon beaches and stood poised and triumphant on the 38th parallel. We could have negotiated an armistice then, with the snap of a finger, on the same terms we are trying to wring from the Communists now. If there is an element of hindsight here, the British sadly point to the record of those autumn months which shows that the preponderant weight of British advice was to hold MacArthur on the parallel and negotiate there and then, long before the disastrous involvement of the Chinese.

But MacArthur could not be held, and at least one of the reasons he would not be held was that there was no single man or agency in Washington big enough to overrule his recommendation. The subsequent events in the MacArthur drama, especially the President's eggshell walking on Wake Island to meet this amazing chieftain, convinced Western Europe that there is a highly dangerous element in this young inexperienced country which has suddenly become the most powerful military nation on earth.

Europe and Britain also have their military heroes—their Montgomerys and Juins—who are temperamental martinets, but there is never any question in their minds or in the minds of the people that they are the absolute servants of civilian authority.

The closest British version of MacArthur is Field-Marshal Montgomery. Last November, addressing a dinner at the Savoy Hotel, Montgomery remarked, "There was a time when Mr. Attlee would call me down to No. 10 Downing Street and give me a ticking-off when he didn't like something I said."

The notion of small, colorless Mr. Attlee "ticking off" Montgomery who was then a field-marshal, a viscount, and Britain's most famous war hero, comes normally to the British. Attlee didn't use kid gloves; he summoned the Field-Marshal to No. 10 and told him off. Small wonder, then, that Western Europe watched the MacArthur drama and set to pondering what is happening in the vital relationship between the White House and the personalities of the Pentagon.

It set to pondering even more deeply when the MacArthur incident was followed by a series of outbursts by American military figures, including the Far East Airforce chief, General Emmett (Rosy) O'Donnell, who complained to the Press, in effect, that he couldn't get on with his job because his hands were tied by the State Department.

NEXT ISSUE:

in the fifth of his
picture essays for Maclean's
YOUSUF KARSH
takes an
interpretative portrait of
SAINT JOHN

The famous photographer finds a
timeless city standing guard on
the rugged shore of a timeless sea.

In Maclean's Jan. 15 On sale Jan. 9



These things may be in the American tradition of freely speaking the mind but they frighten Europeans, and as long as the State Department is seeking reasons for Europe's fear and distrust, they must be set down.

Another prime example of the lack of discipline exercised over the Pentagon occurred last Oct. 8 when Minister President August Zinn, of Hesse, told his startled legislature an amazing story. He said that between one thousand and two thousand young Germans had been recruited by the United States into a secret sabotage unit for use in the event of a Soviet invasion. The youths, said Zinn, were financed with American funds and trained in the handling of machine-guns, grenades and knives. When the Americans discovered that the youths had also prepared a list of non-Communist German democrats to be "liquidated" on a given signal, the organization was disbanded.

The U.S. High Commissioner listened incredulously to this story. Both he and the State Department started investigations, and three days later it was embarrassingly admitted that Zinn had spoken the truth, even less than the full truth. The amazing fact was that the youths had been recruited from among the Bund Deutscher Jugend, a neo-Nazi outfit.

Who did this? It was established that it was the work of the U. S. Counter Intelligence Agency and that it was done without the knowledge of the High Commissioner who represents the State Department.

To be sure, the whole project has

been abandoned and, one hopes but has not been told, that its instigators have been disciplined. But the very fact that it could happen, and did, sends shivers down the spines of Europeans who are sitting on the powder barrel.

Of lesser immediate importance, but dangerous over a long period, is the growing ill-will between American troops and the peoples of Britain and Western Europe, a problem which has just now begun to exercise the attention of leading American newspapers. Incidents involving phlegmatic Britons have recently been added to those which regularly cause anxiety among the volatile French.

Last October at busy London Airport a British engineer driving a tractor toward a recently arrived British passenger plane passed close to an American military transport which was parked near the hangars. According to the airport engineers, who almost went on strike over the incident, an American armed guard drew his pistol, made the engineer put his hands above his head and detained him nearly an hour. In the same month street rowdies in Manchester made a series of attacks on American servicemen and for four days the city was put out of bounds to American airmen stationed nearby.

These incidents are in themselves minor but they reflect a general spirit of distrust which flows from deeper and more ominous sources. The general attitude of even the best-behaved American troops seems somehow to frighten Europeans into false and dangerous beliefs.

Here again the Pentagon has failed to reflect the spirit of the American government and people. A study of a long list of indoctrination pamphlets designed to instruct American troops on their behavior in Europe reveals that in no real sense is the American soldier told the basic reason for his presence in Europe. His behavior is patterned on the belief that he is there to defend Europeans. How different his attitude might be if he was given to realize that he is engaged in the defense of the United States—a matter which, in the Canadian case, is hammered home to Canadian troops right down the chain of command from brigadier to buck sergeant.

These examples of irresponsibility, mostly by the Pentagon, lead directly to the heart of the problem. The British and Western European peoples have few doubts of the nobility of the American purpose. A hundred and fifty years of shining leadership in the progress of democracy is not erased in a few months. Only a militant Communist will claim the American people are intent on war.

What frightens the European peoples is simply this: The fantastic growth of American military power in the last ten years has not been accompanied by a parallel growth in discipline by the commanders of this huge fighting establishment. An imbalance has developed between the elected authority of the people and the young eager officers who have been pushed up to posts of great responsibility faster than in any army in history. MacArthur has been shelved but scores of new generals are confirmed at every session of Congress. These men are stationed around the rim of an explosive world, often facing within hundreds of yards the potential enemy. These men come to their delicate posts with a real sense of the immense power of the American nation, with a violent loathing and contempt of the Soviet, and often suffering from the recently born military tradition that the civilian authority is vacillating, even treacherous, and certainly lacking in a dynamic sense of duty toward America. The body and heart of the American nation are sound, but who knows what trigger finger will set off a local incident which cannot be contained? Especially in 1954 when American power will hit its maximum.

The election of General Eisenhower as President has quickened the problem and, in a sense, has divided it. Many people think that this great personality wielding a strong hand in the White House will quickly correct the imbalance between the Pentagon and the people, and that the great fear will slowly be dissipated during 1953. Others think that the election of a military man, even one as compassionate of character as Eisenhower, will increase the imbalance if only by the bald fact that a general is in complete command of both military and civilian functions of the executive branch.

No matter how civilian-minded Eisenhower turns out to be, the basic solution, in the view of many European diplomats, lies in a truer and franker association of powers in the North Atlantic alliance, an association in which there is more equality of voices and much less silence, more open discussion and less secret brooding.

The key to a realization of this dream lies in exploding the fears of America's European allies. This can be accomplished only by America itself. But first, somebody has got to tell America that the fear exists. On this question the NATO diplomats are looking pointedly at one another, but their eyes seem to be lingering slightly in Canada's direction. ★



MACLEAN'S

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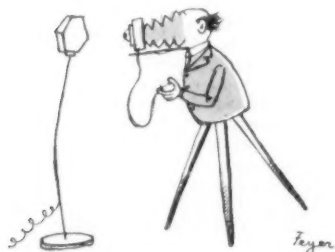


A CINDER IN KARSH'S EYE

What Yousuf Karsh has done for Vancouver (Nov. 15)—the most beautiful city in Canada—is pitiful: "Skid Row pilings, a fishing wharf, a butt end of a poor piece of timber..." Only his first picture of Stanley Park entrance shows anything typical of the city.

He had such a wonderful opportunity, especially with Vancouver which has so much typical natural beauty. There will be a wave of disappointment... Your magazine is too good to spoil with stuff like this.—R. M. Lister, Regina.

● I want to congratulate you on getting Yousuf Karsh to do the photographic series on Canadian cities starting with Vancouver. A better person than Karsh to do such a series could not



have been chosen. This fact was impressed on me in his radio talk in March 1944 when he told of photographing celebrities in Great Britain. If I remember correctly, he then used the expression: "The art is to be offensive without offending."—E. J. Struthers, Mayor, Stanstead, Que.

● Let this be a dissenting opinion on Karsh and his poorly formed travelogue art.

On portraits Karsh is brilliant. When he went in for industrial photography he slipped badly. Now, with these routine holiday-style snapshots, he puts himself in the same class with 103,000 amateurs, including me.

If your intention was to damage his reputation you've succeeded and it was time the Karsh ego was given some sort of treatment.—Gordon Sinclair, Islington, Ont.

● All I say is: In Canada Karsh's Kamera is King! Also, the layout of his pictures and the text was beautiful. Big kudos to you boys. More to come? Good!—Michael Nimchuk, Toronto.

● Karsh says he could not find any slums in Vancouver! Apparently he bypassed Cordova Street and the "east end." Nor did he read Dr. Leonard Marsh's report on this city's slum area. Wake up.—Elmer Sloper, Vancouver.

● I was shocked to see on pages 18 and 19 of your Nov. 15 issue a picture of Granville Street, Vancouver, under which you quote the utterly false statement "the best-lighted street in Canada." This picture is a dull, dark, dingy scene compared with what might be obtained at any season of the year

on Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.—R. H. Avent, Winnipeg.

For a Karsh's-eye view of Winnipeg, see pages 8-13.

Just To Be Different

I thoroughly enjoyed your fiction thriller, *The Killer In The Snow* (Nov. 15). It was different. A great big pat on the back to Ben Turner who so expressively illustrated the story.—Mrs. H. D. Cormier, Verdun, Que.

● Cannot we have something different for a change? In issue after issue you use nothing in the way of short stories but those concerning children and adolescents, with an occasional story on the "boy-meets-girl" theme. Is there no adventure, no romance, in our still little-traveled northern woods and tundra, in our mines and lumber camps, on our seas, rivers and lakes, in the air above this continent? Is there nobody in Canada who can write a decent mystery story, or one concerning the weird and supernatural?—A. A. Peebles, Bowness, Alta.

For adult fiction, see page 6.

Voices In The Wilderness

Congratulations on your excellent editorial, *Why Appease South Africa?* (Nov. 15). I am certain that most thinking Canadians are disgusted with Ottawa's display of moral weakness in not supporting a UN investigation into the South African race policies. If there is a possibility that human rights are being suppressed, why is Canada not in favor of an investigation?—C. H. Houston, Snow Lake, Man.

Briskness in the Air

Well, at last you have given us a decent cover—on the Nov. 1 issue, by James Hill. The painting is so realistic that one can almost feel the briskness



in the air and feel the snow falling on one's face; the entire scene appears familiar. Let's have more and more covers by Hill instead of some of those atrocities which have decorated your magazine in the past months.—V. Phyllis Izzard, Willowdale, Ont.

Is England Decadent?

The letter written by John Wilfred on "Bored On Sunday" (Mailbag, Nov. 1) is a sad reflection of the godlessness to be found in morally and religiously decadent England today. The Sabbath was set aside by God as a day of rest and worship. By a Christian it is not to be thought of as "any other day."—Stuart McEntyre, Fort Frances, Ont. ★



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DOMINION SEED HOUSE

GEORGETOWN... ONTARIO



Canada's First Postman

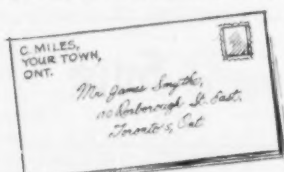
More than two centuries ago, Canada's first regular postal service came into being. It was a service to the early settlers who lived along the north shore of the St. Lawrence, between Montreal, Trois Rivieres and Quebec.

In 1705 there had been a courier service for official despatches between the three towns, but the trips were irregular because the country was still largely wilderness and the carrier faced the perils of savage tribes, bands of wolves, flooded streams and blinding blizzards.

Canada's first real postman was Nicholas Lanouiller, who, in 1721, had been given the contract for the carrying of regular mail along the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec and intervening towns. A true postal service, on which the settlers could depend, did not come about, however, until a "post road" had been built between Quebec and Montreal.

"Post Masters" were located at "post houses" along the route, and Lanouiller's couriers carried the mails with increased speed and efficiency, qualities which have always distinguished Canada's postal service.

In these early days the carrying and delivery of mail was indeed a somewhat uncertain adventure. Today, your mail is carried swiftly, safely and surely all over the world—provided that it is correctly addressed!



WHAT IS A CORRECT ADDRESS?

To ensure swift, safe, sure delivery of your mail to anywhere in Canada or the world, address your mail as follows:

1. Write or PRINT clearly and legibly.
2. Include correct house number and full street name.
3. Include name of town or city—and ZONE NUMBER for Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and Vancouver—also name of Province, or Country if to a foreign address.
4. Add Return Address at top left corner of envelope or parcel.
5. Use sufficient postage. Remember that insufficient postage on letters or parcels means the receiver must pay DOUBLE deficiency. When you are not sure of the cost of postage, ask your Post Office. Help your Post Office help you!



CANADA POST OFFICE

Hon. Alcide Côté,
Q.C., M.P.
Postmaster General

W. J. Turnbull,
Deputy Postmaster
General

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

our own argument, is military aid to offset the small size of our expeditionary force. The rest of our economic aid to less fortunate countries begins and ends with our contribution to the Colombo Plan—twenty-five million dollars in capital assistance and three hundred thousand dollars in technical assistance in 1951. The American foreign-aid program in the same year, aside from military donations, came to about \$3.5 billions, or roughly one hundred and forty times the Canadian program.

Again, the comparison isn't entirely fair. Any country's aid to any other country is limited by its reserve of foreign exchange—i.e., of gold and U. S. dollars. Canada's dollar reserves have grown of late because Americans are investing hundreds of millions here, but our trading account still shows a heavy dollar deficit. It would be quite impossible for Canada to match, even proportionately, the magnificent generosity of the United States. Last time we tried it, with the 1946 loan to Britain, we nearly went bankrupt and had to resort to import controls and other unwholesome trade restrictions.

But if we can't hope to hold up our end any higher than it is now, we might at least do two things:

1. Make fewer nasty remarks about the neighbors.
2. Maintain the modest program we have undertaken with fairness and good cheer.

There are some signs that we have been falling down on the second point as well as on the first.

For some reason the Liberal Government seems worried about its own foreign-aid policy. Rightly or wrongly, ministers appear to think Canadian voters are cool to such projects as the Colombo Plan for capital assistance to India, Pakistan and Ceylon.

If party support means public support they have nothing to worry about. John Diefenbaker for the Conservatives and dozens of spokesmen for the CCF, including party leader M. J. Coldwell, have urged that our contribution be at least doubled, to fifty millions.

But, just before parliament opened, C. D. Howe came up with a suggestion for changing Canada's method of handling the Colombo Plan. It wouldn't increase our share, but it would make sure that we give the whole twenty-five millions each year and not just part of it. The reaction among most of Howe's colleagues was one of alarm.

At present the money for the Colombo Plan is voted each year as part of the External Affairs Department's estimates. Ordinarily this would mean that every cent of it would have to be spent within the same fiscal year for which it was voted. In all departments, unspent money at the end of the fiscal year goes back to the treasury and they have to ask parliament to vote it a second time, if they get it at all.

Obviously this system won't work in a plan for capital development of backward countries. One of the first and most useful projects of the Canadian scheme was a cement plant in Pakistan which will cost five million dollars and will take at least two years to build. The whole five millions had to be assured or the project couldn't be started.

So far the Government has got around the difficulty by handing over the money, once it is allocated to a particular project, to a crown company,

the Canadian Commercial Corporation. The CCC holds the money until the contracts are let and the goods delivered, and then pays it out.

However, this wrinkle is of somewhat dubious legality. Auditor-General Watson Sellar doesn't like it and has indicated that he will not approve it another year. It will be necessary to pass a special Colombo Plan statute to make the money available when it is required.

Howe's proposed bill would have made the whole Canadian share, a grand total of one hundred and fifty millions in six years, a statutory charge that could be put into the bank each year, in instalments of twenty-five millions, and spent any time. Critics objected that Canada alone would then

eration to keep the fish until it's actually in the housewife's hands. A refrigerated car will take it inland, bringing it to people who now live on practically nothing but polished rice.

This whole scheme with all its supplements and frills will cost only about two million dollars. It will not, of course, solve the food problem of Ceylon. But it will show the Ceylonese how to solve the problem themselves—give them that vital, initial boost toward self-help.

That's just one example. There are already half a dozen, in the three countries, on which work has actually started, and many more on the drawing boards needing only capital assistance to be got under way. All of them together will not complete the solution

BEULAH AT BRIDGE

She goes for game and scorns a leg;
Her memory's a blur;
The unforgivable renege
Is commonplace with her.

Her bidding and her type of play
Are well below the norm;
She moves in a mysterious way
Her blunders to perform.

J. E. PARSONS

be bound for the whole six years. Other contributing countries might drop out; why should Canada then go on alone?

There was also a strong feeling against wrapping up the whole \$150 millions in one bill. Critics thought \$25 millions would be a more palatable sum to mention to a tax-conscious parliament. And they didn't want any objections raised in parliament at all, lest these provide a focus and a screen for hostility against the whole idea of helping underdeveloped countries.

Actually the purpose of the Howe bill has not been abandoned. Another measure almost certainly will be enacted at the current session to reach the same objective by a different method which meets the critics' objections. But the serious question remains: Is the cabinet right in believing there is little or no popular support for the Colombo Plan?

From the beginning there has been a group here in Ottawa who regard the scheme as a useless drop in the ocean. To reverse the metaphor, they say we are trying to irrigate the Gobi Desert with a garden hose. Nothing we could do, nothing within our utmost power, could significantly raise the living standards of Asia; why then throw away our good money on a project that is doomed to frustration and failure?

The best answer to that is the record of what has already been accomplished.

In Ceylon, for example, Canada is financing a project for developing the fisheries. The Ceylonese diet is low on proteins, therefore the Ceylonese people are low on the physical strength that their heavy agriculture really needs. They have religious prejudices against eating meat, but they do eat fish.

At present the fish they have are caught by primitive methods and sold on open markets in the full heat of the tropical sun. Tons of them rot beyond all possibility of use. Tons more are eaten in a state of decay that makes them very poor food indeed.

Canada is buying a small fleet of motorboats and a trawler, to increase the catch. Canada is also installing a refrigeration plant to keep it fresh. Plans are in hand to follow this through to the market-place, providing refrigeration

of Asia's staggering economic problems—but each of them in its own fashion will show the way.

Another objection, often heard from some people, is "How do we know the money is properly spent?"

We don't, of course. All we can be sure of is that it is being handled here by the most competent group of men we can find.

Nik Cavell, the former Toronto industrial executive who heads the Canadian Colombo Plan staff, spent more than twenty years in the Orient, first as a cavalry officer and later as a businessman. He knows India and Pakistan well, the countries and the people. He has as good a chance as any Canadian could have of sizing up a proposition and judging whether it is sound.

Not long ago, for example, Pakistan requested five hundred pumps for an irrigation scheme. The pumps were to be mounted on barges which would patrol five hundred miles of river, pumping up water to a dry plateau on either bank.

The plan was impeccably sponsored. There was a Canadian firm ready and eager to provide the pumps—indeed, it sent a delegation to C. D. Howe to protest against the delay, and urge immediate action.

Cavell turned it down. He didn't know much about it, but he did know that part of the country and he didn't think the scheme sounded practical.

After he had rejected it on a combination of old knowledge and pure hunch he learned that this request had already been made to the International Bank in Washington, had been thoroughly investigated by American engineers and had been rejected. He found also that the five hundred barges had not been built, nor any organization set up. If the pumps had been delivered without enquiry they would now be rusting on the open plain.

This is the kind of thing that is bound to happen. It is no argument against capital assistance, for it springs from the very conditions we are setting out to remedy—primitive, ineffective organization. But it certainly is an argument for allowing ample time for thorough investigation, and not stipulating that all decisions must be made before midnight on March 31. ★



WIT AND WISDOM



CATCH AND CARRY The hardest thing about making money last is making it first. *Carlyle (Sask.) Observer.*

WEDDED WORDS Before marriage he talks and she listens; on the honeymoon she talks and he listens; later both talk and the neighbors listen. *Welland (Ont.) Tribune.*

PRICELESS The only thing more expensive than education is ignorance. *Vancouver Province.*

MOST IMPORTANT Personality consists of having a good reason for holding a good opinion of yourself—and keeping it well hidden. *Sudbury (Ont.) Star.*

LOST HORIZON People now seem more concerned whether actions are Right or Left than whether they are right or wrong. *Calgary Herald.*

CASHING IN "There is no money in heaven," asserts an evangelist. There's none in hell, either, so if you want some you had better arrange to get it here. *Kingston (Ont.) Whig-Standard.*

STILLS One trouble with moving pictures is that so few of them are moving. *Toronto Star.*

OH YOU KID! Manufacturers say many elderly women are sentimental about dolls. So are elderly men. *Brandon (Man.) Sun.*

NOT HOTHEADS The right temperature at home is maintained by warm hearts. *Galt (Ont.) Reporter.*

BALD TRUTH The oldest inhabitant had just celebrated his birthday and a newspaper reporter asked him, "What would you do if you could have your time over again?"

The old man sat deep in thought. At last he replied, "I think I would part my hair in the middle." *Saint John Telegraph-Journal.*

ROUGHING IT Overheard at the country club, husband to wife: "So you played with Mrs. Jones this afternoon. What did you go around in?"

"The same old tweed jacket and skirt." *Trenton (Ont.) Courier-Advocate.*

RESCUE RECIPE A novice, outfitting for a trip through unexplored territory, found among his essential supplies a box labeled "last resort kit." Inside were a bottle of gin, a bottle of vermouth and a jar of olives. "What possible use could a Martini be when you're lost in the wilds?" he asked an old-timer who was helping assemble his equipment.

"Well," explained the old-timer, "if you're lost and need help, simply find a flat rock or stump, sit down and start mixing yourself a Martini. Within two minutes you'll have someone looking over your shoulder telling you how it should be done." *Calgary Albertan.*

FAINT HEARTS "Whatever became of the old-fashioned girls who fainted when a man kissed them?"

"Whatever became of the old-fashioned men whose kisses made them faint?" *Huron Expositor (Seaforth, Ont.).*

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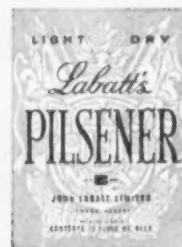
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Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

WARMTH AND COMFORT FOR WINTER CLOTHES

Today there is a wide variety of winter sports clothing on the market that gives the sportsman freedom of movement, perfect comfort and warmth. No longer is it necessary to look through cupboards for old sweaters, coats, and boots to wear for winter sports activities. No longer are they good enough.

In the last twenty years textile mills and sports-wear manufacturers have made great progress. Both natural and synthetic fibres are combined today to make winter sports clothing sensible, practical and, above all, warm without bulk.

War time developments in arctic clothing have had their effect on winter sports wear. In the cold north it was learned that cotton fabrics repelled wind better than did animal skins. Once the wind was stopped the modern principles of insulation were put into effect and the body kept warm through normal action. Backed by a synthetic lining, layers of wool were suspended in fine mesh behind the outer shell. At the same time a cotton string undershirt was worn against the body.

Later nylon was developed into a fabric resembling sheep skin which created an insulating layer. Spun glass was worked into a cotton blanket also as an insulator. Recently aluminum-impregnated fabrics have appeared on the market with insulating and reflecting qualities.

All of these new developments are now being put to use in winter sports clothes to provide warmth without weight, comfort without bulk and a smarter appearance than was ever before possible.



JASPER

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AN AMERICAN tourist whose car bore Texas plates crossed the border into Canada at Fort Erie. He wanted to know the shortest route to Toronto.

"The Queen Elizabeth," an information-booth attendant told him, pointing toward the Niagara peninsula's celebrated four-lane highway.

"The Queen Elizabeth," exclaimed the Texan. "Man, I'm drivin'. I don't wanna go by boat!"

...

A Charlottetown housewife hired a handyman on an hourly basis to paint the upstairs. After an early period of hammering and fixing, all noise stopped and the woman grew suspicious that the workman was letting his time pile up.

"Are you, ah, are you painting?" she called from downstairs.

"Yes'm."

"Oh. I was wondering because I hadn't heard any noise."

"I'm sorry, lady," the handyman replied. "I never did learn to paint with a hammer."

...

An ex-Torontonian living in Ottawa was startled recently to realize just how much the changing years have changed the reputation of the Queen City. He mentioned to a native Ottawan that he was off next day to Toronto for the week end. His friend raised his eyebrows and, with a leer, remarked, "Oh, going to raise hell, eh?"

...

A newcomer to Canada, accustomed to smoking on streetcars and buses in his native land, boarded a Toronto bus with a lighted cigarette. Embarrassed when the driver ordered



him to stop smoking he looked hastily for a receptacle, then stubbed the butt in a likely-looking tray at the driver's elbow—just missing a nimble-fingered passenger who barely managed to snatch up her change.

...

Sign beside a road entering the small town of Killam, in Alberta:
Drive Carefully
Avoid Accidents
KILLAM

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A small boy from Manitoba moved to Montreal last fall and immediately became fascinated by the number of religious holidays celebrated in Quebec. So, on Nov. 10, he phoned the mother of a sick pal and told her not to send the boy back to school the next day.

"Is it a school holiday?" he was asked.

"Yes," he said. "It's St. Armistice Day."

...

When the Blue Cross opened new offices in Ottawa an employee of the National Research Council, worried about the high cost of being sick,



called to enquire about the latest hospitalization plan. Reading the rate schedule on the way out he walked smack into the plate-glass door. Bill for injuring the door: forty-two dollars.

...

A Vancouver restaurant, noted for its Dutch apple pie, attracted a woman looking for the specialty. She arrived late for lunch, however, and the pie was off the menu. She settled for berries and cream and carried her tray to a table-for-two where a gentleman sat who had claimed one of the last pieces of Dutch apple pie. When he finished his main course he arose suddenly, tossed his crumpled napkin on the table and strode off, leaving his pie untouched. The woman gazed at it, fascinated. She looked around the room, saw that no one was watching her and quickly moved the pie beside her own plate. She took an exploratory taste, found the pie matched every expectation. She finished it, savoring each mouthful. She was just finishing the crust when a man stopped at her table and set down a steaming cup of coffee. She looked up, their eyes locked and she stopped chewing. It was the man who had bought the pie.

Is your job among these top 20?



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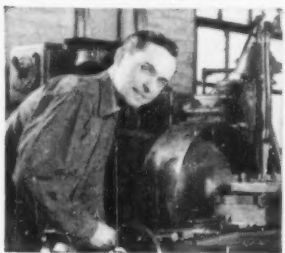
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